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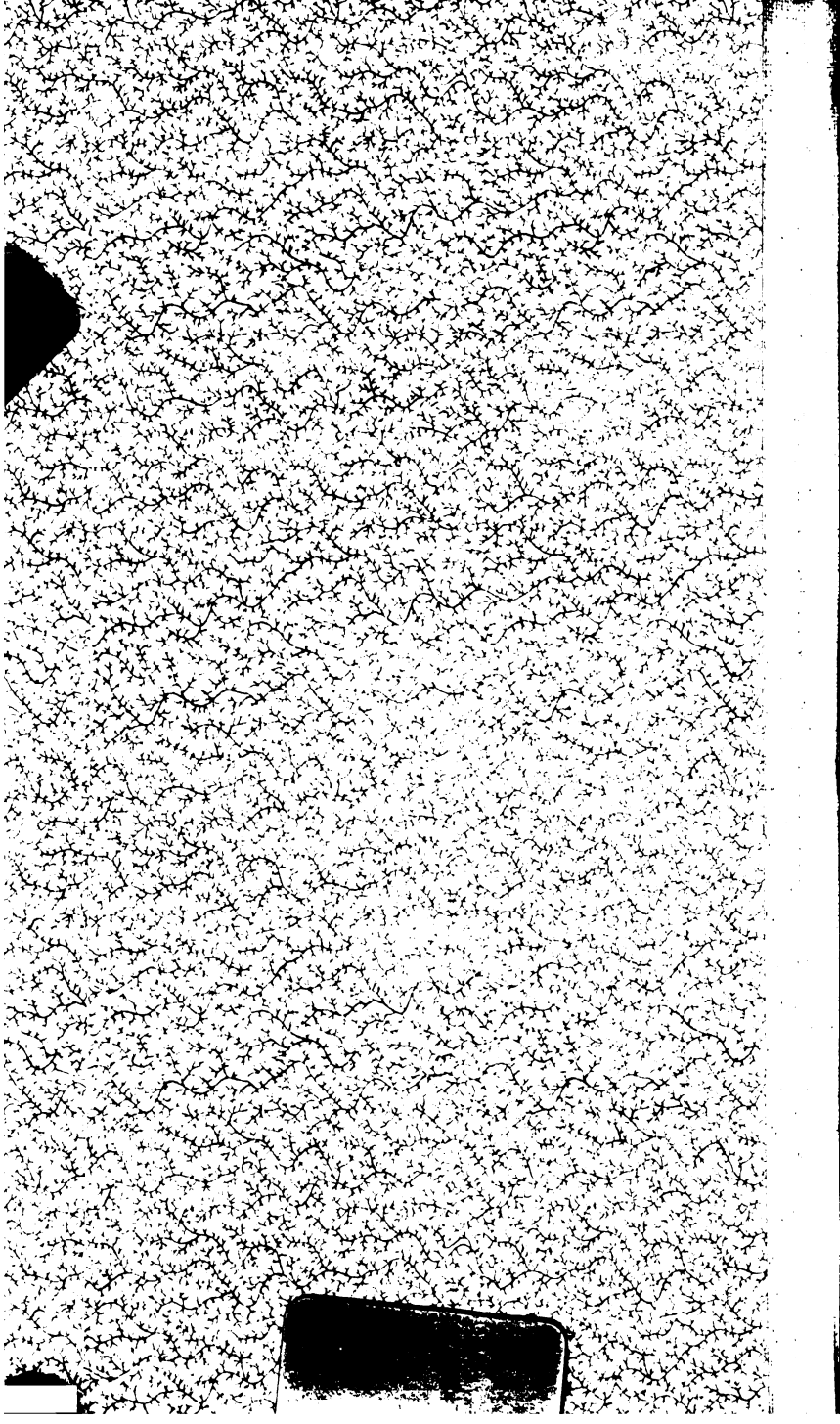
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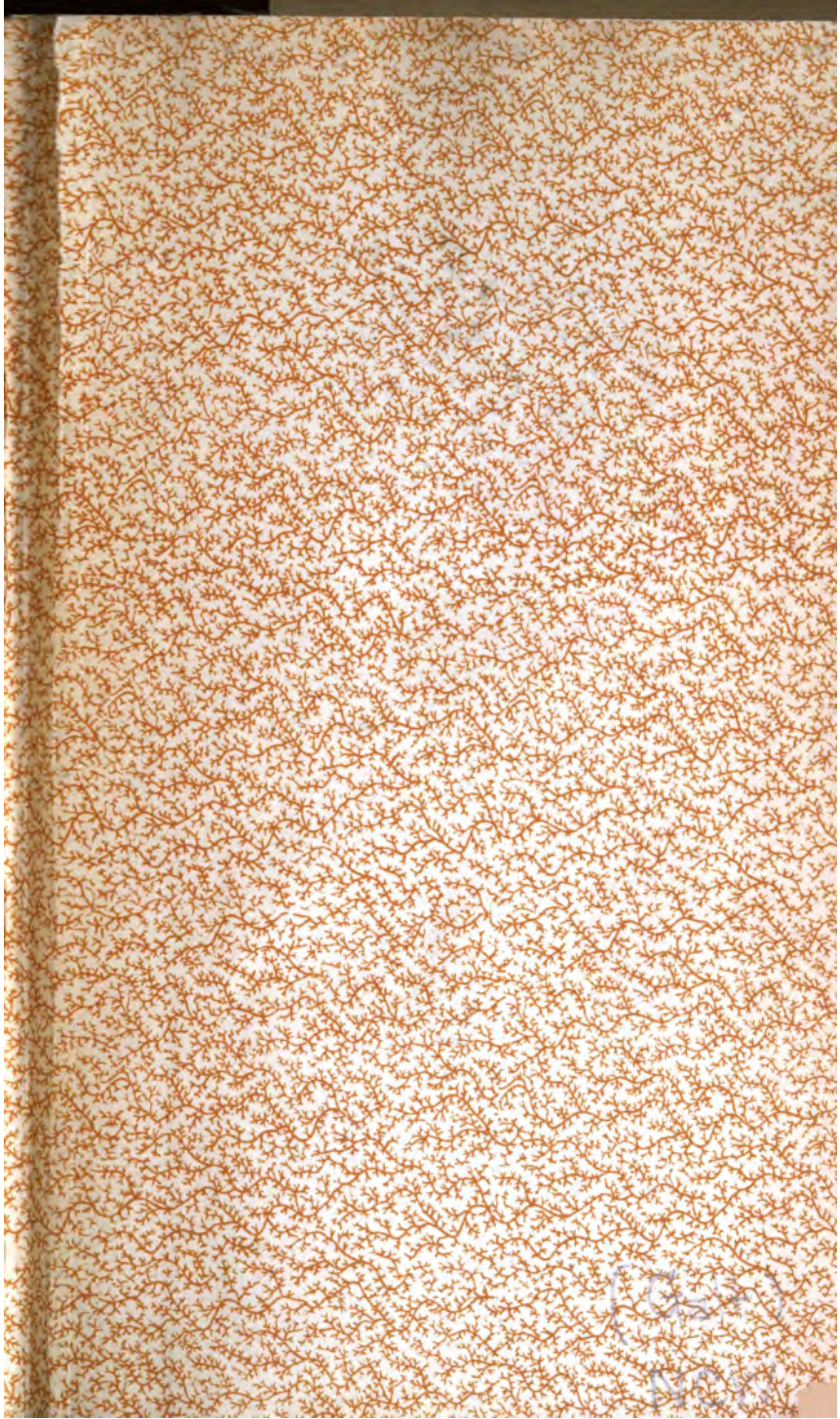
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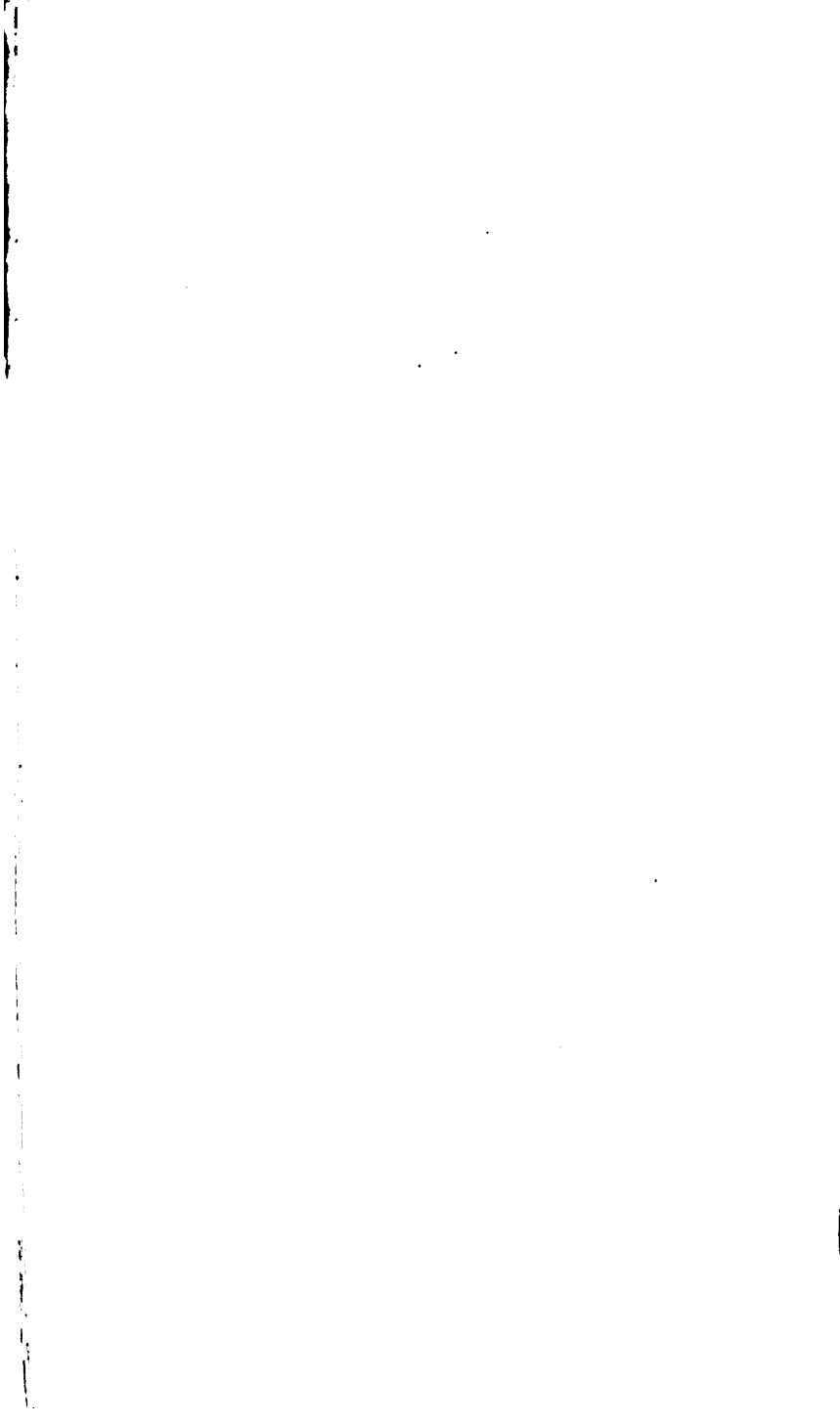
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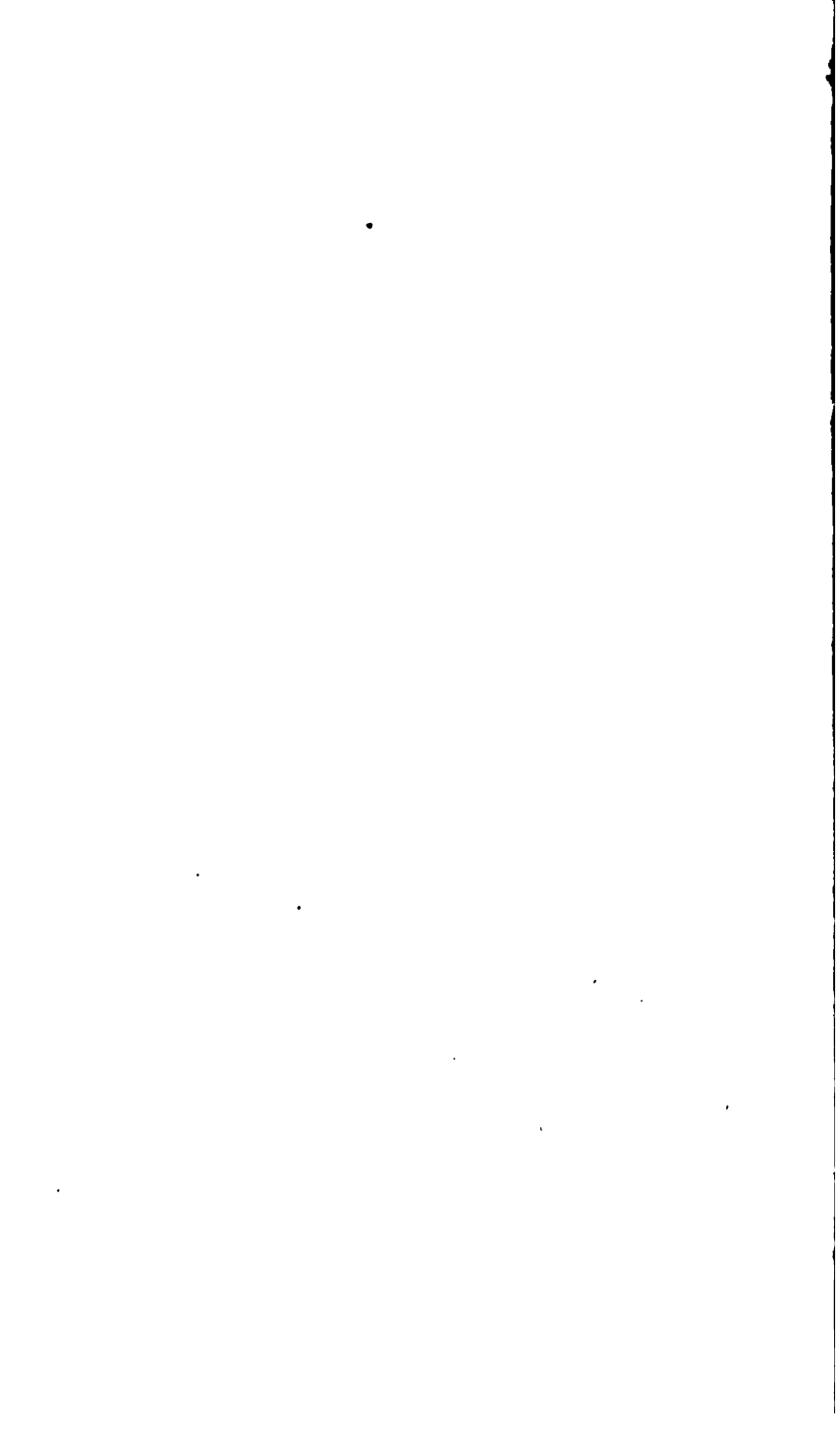


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STORIES OF THE STUDY.

BY

JOHN GALT, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF

"THE ANNALS OF THE PARISH," "LAURIE TODD;"
"EBEN ERSKINE," &c. &c.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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STORIES OF THE STUDY.

THE JAUNT.

INTRODUCTION.

ME and our gude wife had been at Pincailly drinking the physic well for the behoof of my appety, after that Michelmas afore the Reform made a seat in the town council no longer an object, to biddable men. In the fore part of the summer we were residenters in dry lodgings, in the pleasant clachan of Inverskip, where we saw Sir Michal's house, by the mean of one Katy Leckie, a chamber-maid in it, and we plattered in the salt water, dooking every day three times

over head and ears ; but it was not coofortable, for the sea was vicious cold, causing the ears to sing. But I likit that outing better than Pincailly, for yon place, though it's surely genteel, is overly given to gallanting, as Mrs. Daidles has reason to know, and often we spoke of the sobriety we had at Inverskip, drinking tea, when it was convenient, with Lucky Chalmers, the deacon's mistress, that the gradawa's of Glasgow recommended to try sea-bathing, with a pill night and morning, but she had long been a complaining woman, though her tongue was convalescent.

Coming home to our own house from that pool of Bethesda, which Pincailly is to a moral certainty, only they drink the water—a tumbler at a time, with a quarter of an hour and a brisk walk between every glass—as Mrs. Broomilaw, a most discreet elderly lady from Glasgow, told Mrs. Daidles, she having mislaid the prescription of Dr. Drenches, which was a great loss. We there began to confable about many things ; and

ay thought of our poor Geordie, far away with the Greeks fighting for glory, for his mother was wae about him, never doubting that the Turks wou'd slit his lugs, as the Algerines did to a tinkler sailor's that came one day a-begging to our door. But at last there was a change in existing circumstances ; and the news told us—I mind the paper, it was that very orthodox one, the Greenock Advertiser—that there was a king, of the name of Otho, sent to Greece by the Holy power of the Alliance, sin' Prince Leopold was feart to go ; a most creditable token, as Mrs. Daidles said, that the land had eschewed anarchy and confusion, and might be travelled with great pleasantry—by which say, I discern, by my experience of her pictorskews, what was beginning to barm in her noddle. Although I did not think ill of it, I put on a diplomatical face, and feigned a controversy about the like of us going to such a far country as Greece, where our Geordie, the spunkie, was on the liberty and equality job.

“ Mrs. Daidles,” quo’ I, “ surely ye’re no thinking to bear arms for the Greek folks now, when its gazette-true that they’re come to an infancy that can stand alone.”

“ That’s just like you,” said she, “ to put on your conjectures about a nonsense that, Gude forbid, should ever come into my head. What would we do in such a Cropolis place as Geordie spoke of in his last letter. Heigh, sirs! poor fellow, I would like to see him again though, before my grey hairs were brought with sorrow to the grave; and it’s true that since ye gave up trade, you’re no a daw hung by the foot as of old, nor yet an ashey-pet tether’t to the chumla lug: but for all that, surely, Bailie, you’re never thinking of going to Greece. Whar is’t? for when Geordie was at Neplace he wrote that it was not there; is’t any way ayont Jerusalem and the land of Egypt? it canna, by a’ accounts, be far from the house of bondage.”

“ You should not, gude wife,” was my respon-

dento, "make such a plenitude of remarks together, and you would be more legible in your meanings. Oh, if you would but learn to be a thought more perspicacious! But talking of going to Greece, I have na heard from you a single condemnations objection."

"Oh, Bailie," said she, "it would be well for us if I could make one; but now that they have gotten a king, which is a sign of the land being settled, it's easier to cleck an egg than whelp an obstacle. Have ye any notion, Sawners, what it would cost to take us yonder?"

"We might go and come in a most particular manner, if we did not bide ovr long there, for a mere bagantail."

"Oh, that's no very costive."

Thus, with other "preliminaries of peace," we came to think that there was more suffered by the children of Israel, in the course of the forty years they sojourned in the Wilderness, than we might meet with in going to see our get Geordie: and so we began to make a pre-

paration for the journey. But we keepit a calm sough, not minting our intent even to Mrs. Chalmers, for she was a gambolling woman, with what should not be causeway talk, though upon the whole a fine body. The deacon, her gude man, was in a topping way, but some said she was the bee that made the honey.

THE PREPARATIONS.

The first and foremost thing that we did, after we had come to a satisfaction with our own minds, was to order a large sea-kist to be made of wood, with iron clates at every corner, to make it stronger. This was to hold our two portmantys, for Mrs. Daidles saw that we but to have two commodities, as one of the trunk speshy would not do; and she thought it would be an ill omen to us, who were married to each other, to have distinct packs for our duds, it being to her a feedum of an ordained separation that might

kithe in a loss of life ; so the kist was bespoke of Thomas Bowtree, the wright.

While he was proceeding with it, we put our heads together anent what should be packed in it besides the portmantys, with our *et cetras*. But at the beginning we were in some constipation, for the box leather utensils held all we had ; but as she is a managing carlin, she soon found there would be spare room for foul clothes, which would be a very great expediency ; and in short, we experienced the outcoming of the forethought that was in the ordering of the Noah's ark as for the a' things in it, we called the kist.

Mrs. Cable, the widow of a shipmaster, in the Virginy trade, advised her to put up both sugar and tea, for we might want a dish in the course of the voyage, which show'd what a to-look comes from custom. We likewise had a bottle of ink, a quare of paper and pens, for I was minded to keep a journal ; also of red wafers a box, also a stick of wax, a paper of pins,

sewing thread, and a bottle of castor oil. I thought Anderson's Scotch pills would have done better, for I was in a terrification lest the bottle of oil would burst and ravish all our clothes. But the gudewife said that castor oil might not be had in Greece, and that the pills could be bought in every shop, with blue and yellow bottles in the window. Over and above these researches, we had, in a brown paper parcel, six new sarks for our Geordie; for, as his mother said, it would na be canny to gang to him, poor lad, toom handit; but the dreigh of the packing was left to her, while I went to Mr. Havers, the schoolmaster, a deacon at Greek and Latin, to learn something anent where we were going.

At first, I told him that our jaunt was in a sense a sworn secret, for then we had not made a dislodgment of our intention to Mrs. Cable; and, indeed, may be would not have done so at all, but Mrs. Chalmers happened to come in when Thomas Bowtree brought home

the muckle kist, and she was seized with a consternation, wondering what na catastrophe was coming to pass, so that in self-defence the gude wife eased her mind; and knowing the news would be soon over the town, went that evening herself to tell Mrs. Cable likewise, but Mrs. Chalmers had been there before hand. Ye might as soon bid a keckling hen with egg forbear to lay, as that sorrowful woman, Mrs. Chalmers, to hold her tongue with a secret.

With Mr. Havers I came but small speed; he talked, to be sure, about one Mr. Pericles, that was the provost of the town of Athens, and dominie Plato, that keepit the grammar-school there; but saying, he knew little of the modern Greeks, recommending me to consult his old pupil, John Wanders, who had been in those parts, in the days of his youth, and was most extraordinare in particulars. But when I mentioned to Mrs. Daidles about going to him, she was dreadful. "For peace and king," said she, "go not to that man, for I'll think we're

astray till we come back again, for he's as full of devilry as an egg's full of meat. Do you ken a trick, when he was a callan, he played to my mother? One afternoon, when she was making her jam, he came to see her, and she said if he would bide to his tea she would give him a saucer full of it, so he staid; and when the jam came in, he saw that the saucer was not full, and that it was for us all. It was a souple trick, for, he being helped first, nae sooner preed it than, putting down his bread, he said it tasted of verdigrease; adding, he hoped the jam was not made in a brass pan, and that verdigrease was rank poison. Now, whoever heard of jam being ever made in ony thing but a brass pan. However, taste it he would not, and every one was infected, insomuch that nobody tasted the jam. But it came to pass, seventeen years after, when he was grown a man, and had been out in the world, he came to take his tea with my mother again, and from less to more spoke of the venomous jam, asking

what she had done with it. ‘Oh,’ says the old leddy, ‘it’s all to the fore yet in the closet, for I could not find in my heart to throw it away ;’ whereupon, giving a frantic laugh, he confessed what he had done, when a laddie, having given the jam, which was very nice, an ill-name, out of revenge for not getting a saucerful himself ; upon which the jam was brought, and, though well stricken in years, it was just delightful. So I redde you take tent how you deal with him, for he’s a sorrow of the old ; besides, he has taken to the putting out of leeing books, which is a most deceitful trade.”

There was some wisdom in what Mrs. Daidles said ; nevertheless I consulted Mr. Wanders, and he in a most discreet way advised us to go to London, and there take the coach for Pairis ; which, as he said, was on the way to Greece, and where we would be at no loss, for the come-to-pass of a conveyance.

THE STEAMER.

WHEN the fulness of time was come, we set out into Edinburgh, sending the kist by the Union Canal, and going by same conveyance ourselves, in the track-boat.

It was the day before the James Watt steamer sailed for London, so, as we had a night to pass before we could take shipping, we put up in the house of a cousin of Mrs. Daidles', that keepit a bein shop in the High Street, and lived aboon it in the first flat, which was a great convenience; indeed, had not Mr. M'Serge been lame, Mrs. M'Serge told our gude wife that they would have long ago removed into the New Toon, which is pleasanter to have a dwelling in, besides being more genteel, from which notification I guessed they were doing well in the world, and no doubt they were, or to their house I would not have gone, for the man was a Reformer of the Whig order. However, as it was but for a night, I set a stout

heart to a stey brae ; and to pleasure the wife, which a married man must do sometimes, I went with her to the house of Mr. M'Serge, getting a puddock cart to go before us with the Noah's ark.

We were received by Mr. M'Serge and his mistress in the most discreet and blithesome manner, and it is not to be told how they did consternate when they heard we were so far on the road to Greece. Having served us with a glass of red wine, which, after our voyage by the canal, we were none the worse of, Mrs. M'Serge made us a dish of excellent green tea, and me and Mr. M'Serge had some solid pater-nostering concerning the folks in Greece, and all about it, in the evening, he telling me that they were not papistical Roman Catholics, which, for Geordie's principles, I was blithe to hear ; but, like all the Whigs, Mr. M'Serge was overly given to argument, and would have the last word, though it was plain to be seen he was

a man that, if he was not a black-neb, was not of a sound way of thinking.

Next morning, however, he sent our Noah's ark down to the vessel, and Mrs. M'Serge and her dochter walked with me and my wife, and saw us safe on board the James Watt, which which was very civil ; Mr. M'Serge being, as I have said, a lamiter, could not leave his shop for a customer, as he in a jocose manner named the rheumatis in his leg — a sore complaint that is.

In the course of time, the steam boiled up, and we went on our way rejoicing, for the wind was fair—the day was clear—and there was such a clanjamphry in the packet that it was just like a cried fair, but it was very so-lacing to be amang them.

For some time neither me nor Mrs. Daidles saw a kenn'd face in the crowd—so that we thought that we would get to London with all manner of composity—but who should we meet

with at last, looking out ower frae his bed, than Mr. Fykie, going to London on a secret expedition. Blythe were we to see a christian in that hobbleshow, and wondered very much what had taken him to his bed so untimously. —“Deed,” said he, “ye ken we’re a’ to be seasick in the course of the voyage, and I thought it would be as weel to be ready in my bed when it comes on.”

“Surely,” said Mrs. Daidles, “that’s an imagination, for Mrs. Cable told me that if I took a thimblefu’ o’ brandy to raise the wind, there wad be nae fear o’ me.”

I said that I wished she had told me of that cure before, because we would have brought with us a bottle of brandy.

“Na,” said Mr. Fykie, “gie yourself no concern about the likes o’ brandy, for the ship provides all manner of liquors—and brandy ye’ll see, when the passengers are prostrate, going about like well-water. But if you’ll step out I’ll get up, for, ’seps my coat, I have on all

my clothes—for you know that folk of a right forethought dinna go to their beds at sea without their clothes, for fear of an accidence.”

Whereupon the gudewife and me went aloft, and perambulated the deck till he was in a state of nubibus.

By this time, how it was spent I know not—we had gone trintling before the wind, our wheels at the side of the ship happing like mills, till, looking about us, we saw the town of Berwick, the north one of that name, on the shore, and the servant lassies looking out at the windows as we went past, thinking we were just like an unco.

By this time Mr. Fykie came up to us, and, to his great wonderment, there was not a living soul on board sick, but all as lively as laverocks—the bark snooving through the sea—the caudron boiling—even Mrs. Daidles just murmured a thought at a pingling in her stomach, which, she said, was an omen and an inkling of something that wanted to be uppermost. How-

ever, the weather continued most exhilaritive for weel on to forty hours, and no one was sick but a donsy lassie, which I could not understand the reason of. However, we got to the river of London, and being in it, we saw the most extraordinary things, sic like as Greenwich Hospital, which is surely a grand place: then we sailed up to a convenient harbour, but if it had not been for the gumption of Mr. Fykie, gude kens what would have come of us and the Noah's ark, for although we hired a chaise to take us to the inns where the Pairis convenience put up, the man that was the driver would not let the kist into his bauchle of a coach, and both Mrs. Daidles and me were forlorn creatures. But it so happened that Mr. Fykie had been in London before, and by the sagacity he had learned in that jaunt, he bade us take no thought, for he would send the kist by a safe conveyance to our lodgings—so we consented he should do so; and going into the coach, we drove, as we were told, to the Black Bear in

Pickadly, where the French coach was to be found—all which, though not without a fasherie in the mean time, was made a benefaction.

Shortly after we got there, a man came with the Noah's ark, from Wapping, to the door; but it was a salt job—the neer-do-weel sought five shillings for bringing the kist, which convinced us that it was a very extravagant propulsion to have put the two portmantys into that commodity. Howsomever, it would not have done to have said too much about it at the very doorstep of our journey.

PRELIMINARIES.

THE Noah's ark had not well rested on the floor of that Mount Ararat—the Black Bear, wherein we were to stay till the Pairis coach could take us on, when Mr. Fykie most discreetly came himself, on his own feet, to see how comfortable we were. Indeed, he was out of the body with obligatoriness, when we told him

that we were on our way to Greece to see our son Geordie, and could not rest with helping us forward. So we took our places to Dover in a coach, paying for the coach all the way to Piaris, which, as Mr. Fykie said, was the best thing we could do; but it happened that a whipper-snapper who was there, hearing us discoursing, advised us not to take our tickets farther than Dover: this lookit the height of discretion in the young man—but it is well known that what's bred in the bone is no far from the flesh. This lad was, in Mrs. Daidle's opinion, some sort of a writer's clark, whom every body knows are limbs of Satan; and his device, she thought, was to bring us into trouble, that he might inveigle us into a law-suit; for the man who keepit the accounts at the desk refused, we having paid the money to Pairis, to give it back, which made Mr. Fykie very angry, insomuch, that, in fright of being thought outstrapalous, we put up with the cheatrie; but the next morning, when we came to take

our seats in the coach, they would not let the Noah's ark come in, which was a sore calamity ; my wife very cogently saying, by way of circumspection, that it was a London trick. However, no better could be made of the adjudication, but to take the two portmantys out of the kist—to sell the kist for what it would bring, and Mrs. Daidles to take the bottle of castor oil in her hand like a scent-bottle. This was the best thing we could do ; but it was dreadful, for nobody would buy the kist, though it was spick-and-span new. So we were obligated to whisk away to Dover in the coach, leaving the beautiful Noah's ark standing on end on the plain stanes, which really was a thing most pitiful to behold.

Besides me and my gudewife, there were two other passengers in the coach. One of them was an old gentleman who was also going to Pairis ; but he could not speak much English, being a Frenchman.' The other was a man, but of what country I know not—he was, however, outland-

ish. The guard said he was one that had been in a place—the name of which I don't mind ; but he, too, was going within a short time to Paris ; so that we were all a connect company ; and, saving the jeopardy in which we set out—leaving the kist behind, we travelled to Dover without molestation ; but neither Mr. Fykie nor the writer's clerk told us what was to happen there, which is one of our first tribulations.

D O V E R.

SAVING the accident about the Noah's ark and other fasheries in London, we had a pleasant time of it on the day we went to Dover, where we arrived in the most commendable manner, just as the steam-packet was on the point of sailing for Calais. We thereupon embarked in her soon after we alighted from the stage-coach ; but judge of our constipation when we found, notwithstanding what we had expected, that we

were to cross the seas and go to France in a vessel as big almost as the James Watt that brought us from Scotland.

Mrs. Daidles said she had hoped for no better from the time she heard I was colleaguings with Mr. Wanders—for the jam exploit showed what he was. I pacified her, however, by taking all the wyte on myself, telling her how I had forgotten that England was an island, which was a thing that water was round about; but it would soon be over, and we ought to be thankful that we had got so far on our road to Greece, hale and sound as we then were.

After we had seated ourselves in the steam-boat, and were sailing out of the sea-port of Dover, most pleasant and comfortable, with a fair wind right a-head as it could blow, as one of the sailors told us, I showed the gude wife the perpendiculouse cliffs behind the town, and such kind of things of the same sort as she had no notion of—all very curious to see.

We had not sailed far into the mid-ocean,

when I observed Mrs. Daidles growing very wan and ill-coloured, saying nothing, with her eyes closed, and the corners of her mouth down, and very rueful to behold. Indeed, I was not myself soon very talkative, and all the passengers around us were speechless; for the boat was dooking her head in the waves like a duck, making the water splash over us and in our faces, which was not a pleasant evacuation; but it was not till we were more than half-seas over that any effect could come to pass, of what I called the original sin that was working in us; then, however, it came forth, and Mrs. Daidles was a sick woman indeed, bocking out her inside, and saying, in an unspeakable manner in every crisis of her jeopardy, that she wished I had not consulted Mr. Wanders, for no doubt her inward gravitation came of some cantrip that he had wised her to; and, indeed, I did not think she was far wrang—for, oh! I was very ill, desperate ill, myself.

However, about nine o'clock of the night we

got over to Calais, and the tide being low, we had to climb up a kirk-side of a wall before we could get on the top of the quay, where we met with another calamity. In coming away with our two portmantys, we forgot the bottle of castor oil which Mrs. Daidles had provided; but as Anderson's Scotch pills were to be bought in every physie shop, we were not disconsolate for it, having forgot something much worse, namely, our passpost—which was indeed very extraordinary, how I, who had been a Bailie, should have forgot that revisedendo. But the truth is, that all the time I was in the town-council we had never to give out a passport, which was the cause that made me forget it for us altogether, till a myrmidon asked for it on the quay of Calais.

He was an outlandish man of the French gender, and took us a prominad to an office, where he and a composed elderly gentleman complicated some time. A most discreet carl was the old man, with a powdered toopie head,

like a tappit hen, and a broad chain to his watch with a buckie at it, very curious to behold. Really he was civil, but told us we could not go to Interiury till we got our passaport, and must stay at the hotle till the master of the packet would speak to us about it.

This is the cause and particularities of our staying two days at Calais—for the man that came with us to the inns explained our oversight, making us most comfortable in the meantime. But Mrs. Daidles, finding the ground of her stomach after the sea voyage, ate too much of a brandered chicken that was very like a puddock, only it wanted the head; she said, however, it was excellent—but I jealoused it was a true frog, though I said nothing, seeing she was desperate hungry; but in the night-time however, she had indigestions, and would have given the Mains more for a dose, which was impossible, as we had forgot the physical bottle, and nobody in the house knew any thing

about Anderson's Scotch pills, which made it a hard case.

C A L A I S.

ONE of the first observes which I made when I got up in the morning was, that surely the French are a very civilized people, much more so than we are, especially those of us that come out of the north. I knew a man from Aberdeen once, when I keepit the shop, who used to call "what," a plain Christian term, "fat," comically enough, as if it had been even down creesh, or roined tallow. However, we put on our clothes, and Mrs. Daidles having heard that the French made prime coffee, insisted that we should have that commodity for breakfast; 'cause, as she said, she was just sickened with Indy tea at home, and had come on her travels to see the world, the which I was blithe to hear said with so much jocosity; for really, in the night-time, she was in a sore case, because of eating the head-

less bird, which, I may be wrong for thinking, was so like a puddock.

When we had taken our breakfast, and I had written a scrape of a pen to Thomas Seive, that was to take in any commands for me, we sallied forth to postpone the letter intill the post-office. My wife came with me on this job, minded that we should take a walk about the town; but we had a dreigh turn with the postponing, by reason of not finding the post-office, and a sorrowful difficulty we had, for all the folk spoke the French language, and it's my sound belief that they had not a mouthful of a christian tongue. However, Mrs. Daidles said a Scotch tongue would gang through the world, and we found it to be gospel truth; for after walking up and down, we fell in with one of the packet men, who led us to the post-office; he was a capital hand at a crack, and told us as he came along, that he had been bred and born in the long town of Kirkealdy,

which accounts for his instinct about the posting of the weary letter.

Having put our epistle in the office, I noticed a very consequential come-to-pass, which I would do wrong not to make a notandum of here,—namely, that the man among the letters made us pay the postage, which surely is not according to rule, for though it may be a great convenience to those who get the letters, it is a sore cess on those that send them, and is, in a sense, of no convenience at all.

From the post-office we went to see the hie-kirk ; but yon is a papistical tabernaclet the fear of the Lord is not in it, but only an mage of some heathenish Virgin Mary. Weel is Scotland rid of such harlotry, and much we owe to the righteous John Knox for sending them and the likes of them a trooping.

But Calais is on the mend, for papistrie is on the downfall, and the kirk is not now throng, which is blithe news to every professing Christian. We had not, however, been allowed long

to perambulate the town, when it came on such a steep of weet that was just extraordinary, and obliged us to go to our inns, and out of the house we did not mudge, all the rest of the day, which made us most disconsolate pelicans. The gude wife, for right down idleset, was obligated to go to her bed, while I sat twirling my thumbs, very disjaskit I was, and had nothing to do, nor could I put my snout out at the door, so blustered the wet wind in my face. However, with pains, we got the day worn through; and at a good Christian time of night went to bed; but Mrs. Daidles did not rest very well, because she had a notion that lying in the day is not medical for a sound sleep at night, which is the proper season of rest.

However, though the weather was, to a certainty, not palatable next morning, we did go about, and most extraordinary it was to hear every body speaking, with shaveling gabs, nothing but French, except an old woman; that was a lady, Mrs. Daidles said, though of the

damaged quality, for she had great big ear-rings, that were surely made of brass, in her lugs, and who said, "Got tamn!" which was something, certainly, near to the purlieus of English: we did not, howsomever, understand it.

At a convenient season we went to the hotle, and got a very pleasant dinner; every thing was most nice; but I observed, with some alarm, that Mrs. Daidles eat too much, praising every thing she eat as the greatest dainties. I gave her a nod and a wink, and spoke in a far-off manner how we had forgotten the bottle of castor oil; inquiring at a prejinct young man, from London, if he knew what na shop sold Anderson's inside passengers, just to give Mrs. Daidles a jog to ca canny with her savoury dinner.

After our solacium, the wind brought over the packet, and the master having gotten a passport for us, we resolved to go off in an instantaneous manner, by the diligence, that night, for Pairis, especially as Mrs. Daidles thought she

had eaten so much that it was needless to go to bed.

A diligence is a kind of thing, as it were, begotten between the Newcastle waggon and a stage-coach, not very commodious, being a kind of shuggle-teshue vechle, and such a huddle of portmanties, boxes, and baskets, that if they did not keep a list of them they would be apt to forget something or other. Off in it, however, we went to Pairis, and in due time got there very heartily, though there was a fat German man in with us—that I shall say no more about ; but if Mrs. Daidle's dinner keepit her wide awake, that German was not an opium pill to me.

In going to Pairis, we went thorough the town of Amiens, where the peace was signed, when I was taken intil the town council, on which occasion there was a lipping bowl of punch to drink the king's health, with other articles of toasty, most jocose and loyal to hear.

P A I R I S.

THE town of Pairis is well known to be the capital city of the French, as well as of all Gaul, which is the ancient name of France in times of antiquity, when Gog and Magog were king and queen, afore the Christian era. As we had a letter to a lady who kept a boarding-house in the street of the Rue Richylieu, we went there from the diligence, taking a man with us who had been an Irish soldier in Buona-party's army, and he gave us a full and particular account of the many things that might be circumspected.

As Pairis is a large, confused town, not at all like the new town of Edinburgh, I took the lad's advice, and hired a wally who could speak English, for, to tell the truth, neither me nor the gude wife were very luminous in the French language, being now and then a little at a loss how to apply the grammaticals.

It was surely a thing to be spoken of, that

we should so off-hand be suited with a wally, for that very night the Irish soldier brought a most genteel man to go about with me and Mrs. Daidles, so that we lost no time in seeing what was to be seen in Pairis, and in taking our places in the diligence, to a town they call Marseilles. He showed us, likewise, how to get our passaports visee, which leads me to make a remark for the instruction of posterity—namely, that people no overly versed in the French language should hire, as we did, a wally, which to a certainty, is a great convenience.

Thae wallies are a kind of ill-faurt scuffed gentlemen, who know the prices of every thing, and for the most part are greatly given to snuff, which makes them very *debonair* and fair spoken; but it's not for me to speak here of the man that we hired—I only notice him, to give others like us an inkling of what they should do.

Hewent about with us to the Jordan of Plants, where you may see wild beasts, and an elephant that has the sagacity of a provost; likewise

to the Spectacle, which I fancy is some sort of a French play; and to the Louvre, a place just wonderful for pictures and images in statues of marble stone. We have nothing like it in either London or Edinburgh—but that's a thing to be proud of; for when the French armies rampaged in Italia, they herrit the houses of the poor folk, and finding nothing worth the taking, made free with the pictures and images, and from that cause furnished the Louvre; so that, if a man has no remorse of conscience, he may have soon a well-plenished house, as surely yon Louvre is, only it would not be the worse of a wheen tables and chairs, for I well remember both Mrs. Daidles and me were 'scomfished when we went there, and it gave me a creek in the neck with looking at some bells, as the wally said, but I could see none only pictures, though I did not like to say so.

Among other places that shall be nameless, which the wally took me to see, was a kind of a Parliament House, only the gentlemen had

not wigs and gowns, like the Lads in the Parliament House of Edinburgh ;—they had, however, a kind of argal-bargoling way with them, that might be edifying to hear by those who understood them, but as I had never a geny in that way, I will pass over what I saw there till a fitter opportunity.

But of all the places that me and Mrs. Daidles went to see, with Monsieur Fidele, was a kirk-yard, which really was prettier than a gentleman's policy ; but it is well known that the French have no religion, and so is seen in their making paths of pleasantness among graves and sepulchres. Poor people ! they sit in a howling wilderness after all.

As we came out of this filagree burying-ground we adjourned to a shop, where we got glasses, I don't mean spectacles, but something like sowans, dreadful cauld to taste. Mrs. Daidles had a stoun by the glace in her old tooth, that made her drop the commodity, and clap her hand like a mad woman on her mouth,

and go about all day after with her napkin to her cheeks ; and whenever I spoke to her in a condolatory manner, she shook her hand and her head, as if the little gude was gimletting with her gums. I said, seeing her distress, that it was very wrong to sell siccan cauld comforts, for that they ought, by course of law, to take the chill off them, which would cause them to be more wholesome. But Monsieur Fidele, our wally, said that glaces were “isses,” which perplexed me very much.

One morning Monsieur Fidele came to us, and told us that the king and queen were to be seen that day in public, and he would take us to a place where they would pass. So Mrs. Daidles put on her bonnet, and leaving her cloak, took a shawl, and we went to the Visinaye ; and to be sure, shortly after, there was a great hobbleshow, and at the tail of it came the king and queen as they were called ; but yon, as every body kens, are not a righteous king and queen. Mrs. Daidles very justly remarked,

though she had never seen him, that ours was a far truer king. "Goodness me!" said she, "yon king's arms are just like another man's, but ours has a lion for his right, and a unicorn for his left, which it maun be allowed is the height of legitimacy. As for the qucen," said she, "the woman is rather a spare-rib, but ye ken, though it's the fashion just now to call her a majesty, she's after a' only plain Mistress Orleans, a provost's wife in a sense, on a muckler scale."

Mrs. Daidles also discerned that there was a great falsity about the show, for that the king and the queen were in coaches that had belonged to the righteous monarch, Charles the Tenth, the decent man who lived in the Holyrood House at Edinburgh; saying his prayers (though it was in a papistical manner) every morning. "But," said my wife, "it is weel kenn'd that Pairis was boiled at the Revolution, and that the scum is now uppermost." In short, we were just sickened with yon sight, for

although there was a great bravery of parafernals, we could not but think that Mr. and Mrs. Orleans, though for a time they may be allowed to galravish and gavaul in the fear of better folks, they'll come to a judgment some day, as will be seen upon them ; for it cannot but be allowed that they are art and part in the cheatry.

Monsieur Fidele, seeing that we were in a displeased humour with yon darling dagons of the mob, was just driven to his wit's end how he could pleasure us for the remainder of the day. At last he said, that under the ground, aneath the town of Pairis, there was a great congregation of dead folk, with legs and arms, and dreadful skulls, which he would take us to see. Upon this Mrs. Daidles said it would be delightful ; so taking me by the arm, we walked to the place, which was just like a cellar-door, or a vault under the North Brigg of Edinburgh.

When we got there, we got lighted candles, and went down into where the morts lay, and as

we went about in that terrible place, I was just fashed with my wife. She gruppit my arm with terrification, and lookit about and about at the skulls and schackle-banes, like one dementit ; and when we were far in the darksome golgotha, she refused to mudge a step farther, and said to me, in a fearful manner, “ What would become of us if a’ thae dead folk that’s here were to come to life again? We would be smoor’d, for there’s no half room for us. Goodman, d’ye think that, when the dead are quickened, they’ll be in their ‘ last dresses,’ or their earthly claiiths?” But I’ll not repeat here what Mrs. Daidles said, nor did she know well herself, for really the words fell out of her mouth, poor woman, as things that the mind had nothing to do with ; only to a certainty I may add, yon is surely a very extraordinary place ; and I would advise every body that goes to Pairis to be sure and see the skulls, but how they cam there is a great perplexity, we having forgot to ask Monsieur Fidele,

though my wife thought they must be the skulls of the heads of those that were gullitined by Robin Speares, the auld democraw.

JOURNEY TO MARSEILLES.

WHEN the day was come that we behoved to quit Paris on account of our tickets that we had taken out in the diligence, as they call a stage-coach in France, Monsieur Fidele came to us at the skreigh of day, to see that we were ready ; and so when we had taken a chack of breakfast, he sitting down with us at the table—for he was really a genteel-looking man—we went with him to where the coach was waiting ; he having brought with him a laddie, that they called a garsong, to carry our portmantys to the place. And here I am obligated to make a remark, that really things are the same all the world over, though different folks give them different names. "Garsong" just signifies in France what "callan" does in the West of Scotland, and

'gillie' in the east thereof, and a 'lad' is no better in England. In short, it just means a hobble-te-hoy—that is, one of the male gender, 'twish a man and a boy.

In course of nature we got to the diligence, with the help of Monsieur Fidele, who was most civil, and saw our bits of packs put in a safe place; then I offered him a righteous compensation for his trouble. Monsieur would not take what I offered, only he refused it in so polite a manner that I could not have the face to offer him it again, so was obligated to put it back in my pouch—he was so polite.

The French government is surely now a patron to ours, being so reformed—to keep men like Monsieur Fidele to go about with strangers in the way that gentleman did with us. My wife, when I got in the coach beside her, speered at me what I gave him for his condescension. I told her that he was truly such a polite man that he would take nothing, for that I had offered him a whole half of a crown, but he

would not touch it. While I was thus confabulating with the gudewife, the coach galloped away, and we heard Mr. Fidele shouting behind us; however, the coach did not stop—so we left Pairis in a very moderate manner, seeing all that was to be seen, and having Mr. Fidele our lakey de plass all the time we staid in it, for nothing.

After we had got out of Pairis and passed into the country, it being yet only grey daylight, we could not see, neither Mrs. Daidles nor me, who was in the diligence with us, for the other passengers were muffled up in hairy caps and polonies; but we discerned, in the far off neuk of the coach, with his back to the horses, a young genteel man of the English cut, and not at all a Frenchman, the whilk we were glad to see, and I made up to him in a very well concocted way, telling him that I was a magistrate of our borough, retired out of trade, going with my wife to see a son of ours that was in a part called Greece, where there had

been some hobbleshow, but all things were now quiet there, because they had gotten a king—just as the Israelites were pacified by Samuel, when he sent Saul to be king over them.

Mr. Oakes, as I shall have much occasion to rehearse, was a most discreet young man, and when he heard that me and my wife were going to Marseilles to take shipping for Greece, he said that he was going the same road, and that he was sure he would have much entertainment in being of our company. So from less to more, we agreed to travel with Mr. Oakes, and he said that as he understood the French language, he might be of some use, observing that we could not, in all places of France, expect to meet with people that were versed in our mother tongue. I told him, therefore, that our falling in with him was really an outcoming of Providence, and that for our part we might do worse things than travel together. Thus, without any particular molestation, travelling night and day, Mr. Oakes speaking to the

drivers about us, and saying, like to die with laughter, that every one of them had less sense concerning us than another, we reached a famous city that they call Lions, which is the Glasgow, in a sense, of those parts, only they manufacture silks and velvets there instead of muslins and pullicat handkerchiefs.

Lions is surely a very well-doing town, but it is not just such a thriving place as Glasgow, nor at all so big. Mrs. Daidles, however, said that the cause of the difference of size, she thought, was, that cotton takes a hantle of more room to keep it in than silk, so that there was no necessity why Lions should be so big a town as Glasgow. Mr. Oakes, who was hard by when she said this, gave a well-pleased smile, and with great jocosity said that he had never heard a remark more to the purpose in his whole life.

After we had sojourned more than four-and-twenty hours at Lions, we embarked, on the persuasion of Mr. Oakes, in a boat—he with

us—for the boatmen did not speak any christian language, and we never would have thought ourselves, in consequence, of going, had he not said it would be a pleasant voyage, and that he would accompany us. So we embarked, and went away down the river-stream in a very delightful manner.

But I should relate, before leaving the manufacturing city of Lions, by way of a notandum, that France, as I saw it from the coach-windows, is surely a well-ordered kingdom. There was no signs of a republic. There the folks were really as decent as our own bein farmers; and as for the towns we travelled through, Mr. Oakes thought that we would get more correct information out of the books which could be had in the booksellers' shops, anent them, than by summering and wintering with the sorners about the public-houses where the coach stopped, which shewed that he was a discerning young man. Indeed, it is not to be told how useful he was on every occasion of difficulty;

and our journey, as Mrs. Daidles said to me, was, by him, made not at all so costive as it would have been had we not fallen in with so linement a lad.

When we had travelled in the track-boat down the river some time, Mr. Oakes said that it was as bad as being in a box, for we could see nothing—which was very true—for the boat was covered over, and we were in the inside; so, as he recommended, we went on shore at a small town, and had a bit of dinner. While it was getting ready, Mr. Oakes and me got a man of the cadie line, to bring our portmantys from the boat to the inns where we had left Mrs. Daidles, and from that time we took a coach for the remainder of our journey to Marsailles, which we reached in good time, much scom-fished with our long journey—Mrs. Daidles complaining that her feet were swelled with the long sederunt.

MARSEILLES.

MARSEILLES is a sea-port town on the coast of France, at the Mediterranean, and has trafficking with all parts of the world, much more than either Greenock or Leith ; for it trades to Corsica, from which that rank-ringing enemy, Buonaparty, came ; and I never heard of a vessel from either of those two places that went or came from that island. Indeed Marseilles is surely a very considerable place, and, upon the whole, somehow—I cannot tell for what reason—grander than either Leith or Greenock, but the houses I saw intill, are not more comfortable.

Mr. Oakes, whom by this time we had become very sosh with, really proved a most discreet young man ; and, in the course of the journey that we came together from Lyons, he said it was such a pleasantry to meet with folks like us going abroad for knowledge, as well as to see our son Geordie in Greece he would

give up his journey to Italia and Naeplace, and go with us to Athens, where we expected to find Geordie.

It thus happened, that having the benefit of this civil young lad when we had occasion to speak to the French, who were not versed in the English language, acted for us as terpreter, and went about with me seeking for a vessel, in which we might go passengers together to Greece ; but, after looking at many, we could find none ; but, by his advice, I made a bargain with one to take us to Palermo, in Sicilly, where, no doubt, as he said, we would be at no loss for a conveyance to Greece. Thus, in the St. Agatha, we took our passage ; and after staying two days at Marseilles, we went on board, and, with a fair wind, sailed away.

Here it behoves me to make a remark for the edification of posterity—that, although France is a country of some things, yet it has its deficiencies ; and really, upon the whole, a man must put up with many inconveniencies, e'en

in the best inns. The house where we stayed at was, in outwardly appearance, a very creditable place : but somehow it was old-fashioned, and, as Mr. Daidles says, there was a want in the bed-rooms that did not bespeak the height of civilization, which I agreed with her plainly shewed ; but, as I was informed by Mr. Wanders, whom I consulted before setting out on the jaunt, that every thing that was pleasant would be gotten in the inns on the road, I just asked of Mr. Oakes what he thought of that doctrine ; and, he being very jocose, was like to die of laughing when I told him ; but he gave me a hint before we left the inns, to try how far Mr. Wanders' information was to be depended upon. So me and him, Mrs. Daidles being present, made a paction that we would call for something in the house that we were sure was not in it ; and I made him, as he very politely left the matter to me, to ask in the French tongue for a mutchkin of whiskey. He did so, just liking to split ; and the garson,

that was the waiter, looked hither and yon ; and, although he said everything was nice in the house, they wanted, unfortunately, just at that time what he asked for ;—an answer that was greatly instructive to me, and shows how the mind is enlarged by travelling in foreign countries ; for, although in a civility, it's not necessary that a waiter lad should tell how bare a public is, yet we may draw from his answer that it is not all gold that glitters.

Having made this observe, and sailing away to Palermo, we got into the mid sea ; and here Mrs. Daidles made a very curious remark, saying, surely the Mediterranean sea was made of a kind of milk-and-water, for it was not in the sunshine blue and bright like our own salt water, but of a glassy hue, something dim, like a plate of white iron, or Provost Kyte's silver server.

But, 'tween Marseil'es and Palermo, there were no great ferlies ; and, when we drew near to the coast of Sicilia, we saw before us a high-land land with a great hill on the shoulder of

it, which Mr. Oakes told us, with an awful voice, was Mount *Ætna* ; and that, in the opinion of many orthodox Christians, it was one of the mouths of—it's no necessary I should say what. However, into Palermo we sailed, and in due time got a boat, and went over to a very creditable inn, that they called the *Britannia* ; and, in going thither, I could not but notice, even though the gude wife did not bid me look, that, on account of the warmness of the weather, all the tradesmen were at work in the streets, particularly in the shady sides. There ye might see tailors evidently lifting their right hands every now and then from their seam, as natural as could be, and shoemakers hammering on their lapstones and gimletting with their awls in the very way of the sutors of *Selkirk*—or, them in the same line in *Kilmarnock*. This was what I first observed in Palermo ; but I soon saw that there was a discrimination, for that the tailors all worked together and likewise the shoemakers did the same, and that

there was a street entirely occupied by tinklers, mending and making kettles and pans, most noisome to hear ; but this assortment of the tredds was not all that I saw. In a third street I observed a number of lassies in almost every house sitting near the doors, at their tambour-frames—yon is surely a very industrious town. I cannot, however, say that the sight was very consolatory ; for if the Sicilians tambour muslins, what is to hinder them in time from making muslins ? and what will then become of Glasgow and Paisley ? Manchester may then dicht her neb and flee up, for to a surety her trade will be ruined.

I should here record one of the kittlest remarks that I made on the town of Palermo, and that was that there was a street where they made nothing but bedsteads, and what do ye think they were of ? They were made of iron, which both Mrs. Daidles and Mr. Oakes said was a most judicious contrivance ; for bugs, and the like vermin, would have, on such articles of fur-

niture, but a cold coal to blow at, and would never think of making a houff in the creeks and corners of such commodities—which said certainly much for the Sicilians as an auld farrant people.

P A L E R M O.

THE foregoing remarks are a proof that I did not walk from the boat to the Britannia Inns, in the Marine Place, with my eyes steekit. Indeed, being now in a foreign country, it was my duty to make observes; and so I said to Mr. Oakes, which he agreed I was bound to do, justly remarking that it would be expected of me by our neighbours, when I returned home; and he said he would go about with me, when we had rested ourselves at the inns, to see the town. This was really a temptation, and I said that, as I could not leave Mrs. Daidles by herself in the inns, I would just take her in my hand, as we promenaded the

streets ; he replied that was just the very thing he wanted, for the only diffidence he felt about offering to go with me was on account of the lady ; so having rested ourselves, we all three went out, and the first thing that I noticed when we got to the close-mouth—for you go to the Britannia by a big entry—was that the streets were very crunkly in the pavement ; which Mr. Oakes, in a very pleasant manner, remarked was an observe that showed I had a talent for travelling.

We had not gone long from the door towards a straight street that leads to the other end of the town, showing you the gate that stands there called the Via Toledo, when we saw at a corner a stall, and on it were great piles of prickly pears, which, on inquiring, I found were Indian figs, and that they were sold by an old man at a very reasonable rate.

We were just going to go up the Via Tolēdo, when lo ! and behold ! on the sacred steps of a kirk-door, we saw a gang of ne'er-do-weels

playing at the cards, which surely was a proof of what sinfulness abounds in the land. Lang in the day it would be before you would behold such an ungodly sight in the presbyterian land of Scotland ; for, in the first place, the thresholds of the kirk-doors there are always wet and dirty, which keeps away the profanation, and our weel-doing young men have aye another turn to do than to waste their precious time in playing cards. But Sicily, it is well known, is a papistical country, sitting yet in Catholic darkness—no reformer illuminating the land with his red face. So better cannot be expected.

After we had paused and condoled with one another—really Mr. Oakes said cordial things!—we turned to go up the street, when the town clock began to strike, and, just in a thoughtless manner, Mr. Oakes pulled out his watch, and looking at it, said, “surely the clock is wrong.” Whereupon I did the same, and there

could be no doubt that it was deranged ; and accordingly we listened, and better listened—but the bell really seemed to speak a foreign language as well as the people, for we could make nothing of what it meant ; but when we got back to the inns, I spoke to the waiter, who was an English lad, and no to let him jalouse my ignorance, I just said, in a free, off-handed manner—

“ What o'clock is't ? ”

“ Twenty-one and a-half,” answered he.

“ Twenty-one and a-half o'clock ! ” said I, and was greatly perplexed and confounded ; but it seems that the folk in Palermo reckon their time from sunset, an hour after which is one o'clock ; and in consequence, as the day lengthens or shortens, the time by the knock at which it is noon also changes.

Mr. Oakes here put in a word, and said that our misunderstanding of the town clock was owing to its superior endowments, for it told

quarters as well as hours, and the hours by half-dozens, which was a very perspicuous explanation.

Since I am on the subject of clocks, I cannot but say something about bells.

It is not the practice among the Papists to hang their bells in our orthodox manner, on moveable axletrees, with great wheels, that, in their swing backwards and forwards, make the steeples quake to the foundations—but to fix them in a most erroneous manner to a stationary cross-beam, thereby showing how obstinate they are themselves in doctrine. They don't fasten the rope on the wheel as we do, but to the tongue of the bell, under which the ringer stands and shakes it backwards and forwards, tormenting it as if it was a living creature, and causing it to make a most disorderly outring; and certainly, in a sense, at the first it would seem that it is easier to move the tongue against the body, than the body, as we do, against the tongue; but it is not for me to meddle with

the mysteries of religion in this place, for the ringing of the bells is an ordination of the church.

But, to return to our going up the street that they call the Via Toledo, which is a throng street, and has no side-pavement ; indeed, if it had, it would be no aumous to the public ; for, as I said before, the different crafts sit on their stalls, and at their tables, working at the side of the streets ; and folk taking their pleasure are obligated, in consequence, to keep on the cantle of the causeway, where they are much fashed with coaches coming galloping down in a most irreverent manner.

And here I should note, that for the most part the coaches in the town of Palermo are not like Protestant coaches, and surely the flunkies yonder have more head-rope than among us ; for I saw, with the tail of my eye, a gentleman in an open coach reading a letter, and the ne'er-do-weel in livery, that was standing behind him, was louting down over his shoul-

der, and reading at the same time as fast as he could ; but it tells us what we might have been subject to had we not been a reformed people, because of John Knox and the others, by whom the Lady of Babylon was sent about her business, with her scarlet cloak and her dyvor straw hat, like a trooper.

When we were in the Via Toledo, all three together, Mr. Oakes, most couthy, there came to us a provisory, that is to say, a disjasket gentleman, and showed us a paper with many names thereto ; and as we had not time to read it all in the street, we desired him to come to the inns in the afternoon, which he did, bringing with him an excellent new song, stitched with a pink ribbon, and putting it into my hand, he took a pinch of snuff, and sat down to hear what I would say. Not being overly well acquainted with the language, I gave the ballad to Mr. Oakes to read, and he said that it was a congratulatory ode on my arrival, written in English, which really made me have

a het face ; for surely, thought I, the folks in Palermo have more to do than to think of me ; but Mrs. Daidles interfered, and would hear what the song said ; whereupon Mr. Oakes, composing himself, began to read it ; and the provisory, rapping on his snuff-box lid, took a pinch, and put himself in a listening posture ; but Mr. Oakes could not read a word for laughing, which made me think that maybe I might be made a fool of in the song, the man knowing so little about me ; so putting on a countenance of bravery, I gave a stamp with my foot, and sent the provisory away with a flea in his lug.

About the gloaming Mr. Oakes proposed that we should go to the play-house, which, though no doubt it would have been a sin at home—even to think of—yet Mrs. Daidles and me thought, as we were not known, that we might venture—just as some of the ministers and ruling elders of the kirk, when they go in to the General Assembly, frequent houses that

are—I'll no say what—to get an insight of the sins of the world, that they may know how to preach about them when they go home to their ain country parishes,

So we went ; but that the courteous reader may not suppose me, in a matter of this sort, to be a perfect gilly gawpus, I should rehearse that, before I was married, I happened to be in Edinburgh, and just slippit into the play-house there to see what a play-house was, which was, indeed, a fine thing, and a great temptation ; but it would never have done to let wit where I had been—so I keepit my thumb on that transgression, little then thinking that I would ever be in a situation to make a comparison between the play-houses of Edinburgh and Palermo ; indeed, I would not have let the cat out of the poke here, but thinking on what I have to say, I found it was necessary to let my readers know how I was in a condition to make a comparison.

This I will say, that the play-house of Pa-

lermo, though muckle bigger than the house in Edinburgh, which is a sign that the Sicilian nation is more sinful than we are—is not at all so flashy ; at Palermo they have only the gingerbread of the commodity, but in our Presbyterian play-houses—we have likewise the gilding. And here it's but right to notice, that it takes with us mare to wile a man into a play-house than it does in Palermo, which ought to make us thankful for the burning light of the Gospel that has been placed among us—for, oh ! yon Palermitan people are far off the eggs in clocking the hopes of another world. I must not, however, give way to these serious thoughts ; but it was natural in going to a play-house, though nobody kenn'd us to think of the sins of man.

The theatrey of Palermo is, as I noted, not very like the one in Edinburgh ; for example, it has no gallery, but is all round with boxes or doocats, as the gudewife called them, which, Mr. Oakes said, you did not pay for a seat in them as with

us, but just a whole sum for an entire box—we being in one by ourselves. I thought this a very conomical principle, inasmuch as a man with a large family of daughters could stow the whole in one box for the same cost that he could do an only bairn.

In looking down intill the pit, I saw that it was divided into two parts—the back-seats being for the lower orders, in place of a gallery, and the front-seats having backs to them, and were subdivided, each seat like an arm-chair—which was surely a great convenience, especially to the officers of the army and prejinct young men—for I saw that many of them that were of a particular turn brought gimblets in their pouches, which they scrwed intill the back of the seats forenent them to hing their hats upon.

This was a very judicious contrivance. Of the music I cannot say much—neither my wife nor me could make out a single spring that they played—and I dare say the fiddlers were

very tiresome—for, oh ! they were a wearisome time of putting them in right tune. It was just like hearing the sharpening of a saw, how they gaed on.

At last the curtain drew up, and both Mrs. Daidles and me naturally expectit to see a fine shew, and all gold, and ladies and gentlemen—but really yon play-actors are poor, sober, decent folk compared to our gentry, that go about the streets in a state that beggars description. Yon play-actors on the very stage were most hamely—their house was just like a common country-house, and themselves just like hamert folk. Mrs. Daidles said to me of a fat woman among them, that she was sure she made capital cheeses. It might be that they did their parts very well—but really commend me to the play-house at Edinburgh, after all ; for although the player-cattle with us look dowie and waff on the causeway, yet they are always most grand on the stage, and stamp and ramp in an edifying manner to behold, and not the least

like any thing that's common out of doors or to be seen in Nature. In short, I soon tired of the Palermitan players—for they were just like other folk, and their play-house was no better than common rooms, or their dress a hue out of the way ; so, after endeavouring to sit a-time, we grew very yaup, and came away before the house skailed.

One thing I am bounden by the obligations of all travellers, not only to record what I saw, but what I did not see ; and therefore I mention, that when I gaed to the play-house at Edinburgh, there were ladies there that had no tow to their rocks at home ; but sicklike I did not decern about yon play-house in Palermo—it would not become me to enlarge on this head, because I know not into whose hands the book may fall, and the less said is the soonest mended.

After we returned from the theatrey, which may be denominated a kirk where the deil is openly worshipped, we had our supper, and

then being scornfished with our day's wark, seeing all things as we saw, we went to our beds, where we slept with composity till the morning; and then, after breakfast, went all three out—Mr. Oakes leading the van. The first sight that we saw was a barber's shop, which Mr. Oakes pointed out to me as a thing that I should note—and, surely, it was well-worthy of a notandum, for at the door-cheek stood forth a great stick like a bo'sprit, but, instead of being painted as with a red swirl, it was a white stick swirled with red worsted tape, and to every swirl there was preened a lock of hair dancing in the wind—which explained to me, in a very satisfactory manner, that the red swirl on our barber's sticks is a thing of imitation, and that we do not show our loose ringlets hanging in the air, 'cause of the rain in our climate. But one thing I noticed myself, and that was some barbers' signs which were very instructive to look upon, namely, they were painted with a naked bandaged arm upon them

and a hand coming from behind, holding a lance, which shewed that the barbers let blood—but they need not have had this device—every body of experience knows that barbers draw blood enough, especially when they have bad razors.

Mrs. Daidles then took Mr. Oakes by the arm in a most jocose and furthy manner, for you're to understand how that most civilized gentleman was as constantly with us as our ain shadows. Indeed, there was a reason for that, for to tell the truth, he was not of a capacity to make right observes on the unco's of a foreign country, as he said himself, so he went about with us; but he laughed at many things where a discreet person would have shewn more sense; however, on this occasion, we were going to the Capusheen Kirk, underneath the which is to be seen a vast multitude that have not yet been buried—a comical crowd they are—all sitting dumb and silent, like as if they were themselves at a burial solemnity, when the minister is saying

the grace, before the wine and short-bread is handed about by the bederals. But when we came to the place, both me and Mrs. Daidles were greatly disappointed, for there was no signs of death yonder to breed a right edification of the mind, but ladies and gentlemen all dressed out in their best. Mrs. Daidles said, they put her in mind of a wax-work show of King Solomon in all his glory; only, the effigies were enough, on a better look, to make honest folk scanner:—some of them had their lower jaws fallen down, and lying on their knees before them; and I saw a beautiful young leddy, that died in her sixteenth year, that looked like an old maid that was four-score—and out of her mouth came a black clok creeping, which was a morality on the nature of death to behold. Really, the sight of the place was not pleasant—it was so werie and so gruesome that we did not stay very long in it; for we thought to ourselves, that as every mortal is sure to have enough of death some

time or another, there is no need to be overly familiar with dead corps—so we came away.

PALERMO FOR ATHENS.

WHEN we got to the inns, the master of a ship going to Greece, who had heard that we were seeking a passage, was there to tell us when he would sail. This was blithe news; for really we were wearied with going about, and hearing yon Sicilians chatter in a tongue that was as unmeaning as a dog's youff. So we made a paction with the man, and getting a porter, we went on board of his vessel, and sailed with him that night for Greece.

THE VOYAGE.

WEEL pleased we were to get out of yon land of Papistes, where they keep their dead out of the yird, defrauding the grave of its justly dues, which is a thing no man, of an orthodox prin-

ciple, can away with ; and sailed along the shore to Greece in a most pleasant manner ; Mr. Oakes still going with us, for he said—now that he would not separate from the gudewife and me for the world, which was very discreet of him. But both me and Mrs. Daidles had our conjectures, especially as the lad now and then guffawed like a bedlamite that has no sense.

Sailing along the shore was very romantical ; we saw towns and houses that appeared as natural as life, and trees that Mr. Oakes told Mrs. Daidles were olives, which, to both her and me, was a sign that the country was sib to the land of the leil. Indeed, this could not be misdoubted ; for, shortly after, Mr. Oakes pointed out to us a great big hill afar off, that was smoking like a killogie, telling us that it was Mount Ætna—which he said, was a volcanon. “Hech, Sirs !” said Mrs. Daidles, “wha wad have thought that I wad e’er hae been sae near the mouth of the ill place in a Greek veshel, and no in any terrification of

falling in, though we had a Virgin Mary on board with a lamp before her !”

At the request of Mr. Oakes, the captain steered closer to the land, to give us a better view of what was to be seen there, telling us, that the foot of Mount Etna was very well worth the looking at, being most fertile, and the very garden of the island. “Aye, aye,” said Mrs. Daidles, in her sedate, antiburger way, “we a’ ken that the lip o’ hell is a pleasant place.”

That night the wind came out of the norart and wast, and we had an inward sense of the change ; so Mrs. Daidles and me went to our beds, in the apprehensions of a commotion ; and it was weel that we did so—for no sooner was our heads upon the cod than it began, as the laddie that we called Billy McLeish, who was a midshipman, said, “to blow great guns.” In short, we had a trial, and could neither eat nor drink in a christian manner till the ship cast anchor at an Island called Hydra, where we were told she would bide ; and that

we would there have no difficulty in getting a boat to take us to Athens, which we were very thankful to hear; for before we set out, we could not have imagined that the way to Greece, as we had come was so kenspuckle.

Accordingly, when the ship came to her anchor in Hydra, me and Mrs. Daidles rose, and having put ourselves in order, we went on deck to see whereabouts we were.

This town of Hydra is surely a very inconvenient place; the houses rise from the sea-shore behind one another to the top of the hill in rows like seats in the loft of the kirk, which shows thereby what the Greeks have come through before they were allowed by the cruel
.. Turks to bring a right king of their own from the north of high Germanie, where they are so well acquaint with the manners and customs of the country. And here, as a solid man, I cannot but observe, that no doubt the voice of all the Greeks was well listened to in the choice of King Otho the barbarian; for much it redounds to

their sagacity to choose a callan for their king ; because, it is well known, that callans are growing laddies, and in the way to gather knowledge —so that, by the time King Otho has come to years of discretion, he will be well skilled in all manner of knowledge known to the Greeks, as Dominie Douglas, the school-master in Greenock, used to say, when he lectured about the Temple of Diana in Ephesus, in the new kirk there.

When all things were in order, me and Mrs. Daidles, with Mr. Oakes, went on shore, and took a walk of observation, and saw that the top of the steeples of the kirks in the lower town did not reach so high as the foundations of the houses in the high back streets. To be sure, in Edinbro' one may meet with the like ; for, upon a remembrance, I would not undertake to say that the top of the steeple of Sir Harry Moncrieff's West Church is so high as the foundations of the Castle, which is a proof that there is some similitude between Edinbro'

and the town of Hydra—though it cannot be said that Edinburgh is a sea-port in a sense ; though, as I have heard said, it's a kittle point to interlocotate upon, whether Leith is or is not a part of the gude town.

In one concern, however, Hydra has surely the upper hand of Auld Reekie ; for I was told, very creditably, that it has upwards of forty parish kirks in the town, which is more than can be said of our Scotch metropolish—though it has the General Assembly in it. Hydra, likewise, excels Edinburgh, for it has many a windmill on the heights—all of the most lively description ;—not one can be seen in Edinburgh—but, to be sure, the Greeks were before us in all the Fine Arts. By-and-by we will, no doubt in time, have windmills as well as the rest of them.

When we had perambolated the town “up stairs and down stairs,” as the sang sings, and taken a chack of dinner, the skipper had got a boat ready to take us to Athens ; so having got our luggage of two portmantys, and *cetrie*, on

board, we embarked, and sailed away with a pleasant fair wind—Mr. Oakes pointing out to us many a point of the shore that one Lord Byron had made ballads about—but I had no broo to hear of him, for he was a Whig, and I would as soon handle one of these things with a pair of iron tongs, like a yird taed, as it's all owing to the Reform calamity, which they have brought upon us, that I have been driven by stress of needcessity from the town council, after being so long a bailie. However, this is not a political book; and, therefore, it is a deviation to condescend upon Whigs and sic like radicals in it. I will, therefore, rehearse nothing but the truth, and the things I saw and understood.

The sail from Hydra to Athens is very like a sail in one of our own firths, either the Clyde or the Forth; and the boat that we were in, though they called her a martigan, was no better than a heilan' cowter, which shews you that boats are the same sort of things all the world over.

In sailing up the firth, I should, however,

mention that Mrs. Daidles would fain have gone on, on shore, but the boatman told us; that there was a place there where pirates lay, which made us very guarded. Only think what it would be, if there were pirates at Burnt Helen, lying like black lobsters on the shore! However, it shews the advantage of living in a free country, as ours surely is if it was not for the herriment of lawyers. But truth obligates me to remark that the Greeks, not being troubled with laws, cannot, if they were right-minded, be muckle to mean; for laws are a most dreadful drawback and detriment to freedom. But, as I said, I ought not to be political; so I will say no more, but request the courteous reader to think of our landing at the Perius, which is the harbour of Athens; and from which we draw the names of our sea-ports: as, for example, the pier of Leith, which is a clear aff-come of the Perius of Athens. Indeed, it's very comical to remark that Edinbro' has the pier of Leith so near, and Athens the Perius, which is a pier with

a Latin hinder-end. No doubt, this similitude is one of the causes that make the learned men of Edinburgh College call their town the Athens of the North.

A T H E N S.

FROM the Perius or pier, we got a kind of a cart to take our things to Athens; and it was well seen by it, as Mr. Oakes remarked, that we were in the land of a superior people. It was not like our carts, with wheels that have spokes, which show the scarcity of timber among us, but a car with solid wheels, like Dunlop cheeses, which were a comfort to see, considering the state of the roads; for if they had been like our shauckle wheels, they would soon have been broken, so rough and stony, I trow, was the way.

We walked all three after the cart, with our commodities, and really it was pleasant to look about us and see the things that we saw.

On the right hand there was heights and hows very beautiful to behold, and the sea and islands, like Bute and Arran, far in the west. On the left hand, or leftward, there was the town of Athens, high hills, and olive woods, which Mrs. Daidles said was a prospect she had never seen in all her life before.

By times—it might be after an hour's walk—we came close to the town; and here we had another manifestation of the learned cause that makes the Collegianers call Edinburgh the Athens of the North; for ye see, there is a castle like Edinburgh Castle, only it's not so high, nor so big; but the town is at the foot of the rock, like the Grass-market. I made this observe myself, which Mr. Oakes remarked was very important.

As we drew near to the dyke about the town—for the walls are long since gone to pigs and whistles—we saw the pillars of a kirk on the right, that they called the Temple of Jupiter Limpy, which was, without doubt, a very

curious place, but how the pillars were standing there, and nothing else, all by themselves, as the elders sit in the kirk, or the bailies and town counçillors in their laft, was beyond my comprehension. Only it's true, and I make here an acknowledgment that my conjectures were baffled.

Being now within the yett of the town, we went to the Capucheen Convent, belonging to something papistical, which stands hard by a building of marble stone, that they call the Lanthorn of Demostens. Mr. Oakes thought that we could lodge all the gether in that house; and we knockit very crousely at the door, which brought out a monk, with a long beard, in brown claiths—just like a beggar-man; and he told Mr. Oakes that he would be most cordial to receive us men of the male gender to stay with him, but that the rules of his orders did not allow him to take in any woman of the female sect.

No sooner had he said this than Mrs. Daidles

cried out that it was a monument of papistrie, and that she would not set her foot in a place that was so given to idolatry ; so what with the monk's objection to take us all in, and her condumacity, we were obligated to go in to the town, and seek for another bield.

It so happened that the man who was our caddie, took us to a house in the laigh part, where there was a most in the close, which he said was the house that Lord Byron staid in, long ago ; so we took up our quarters there. The woman of the house was the old widow of one that, many years bye gane, called himself a British consult ; and she had divers dochters helping her. Among them, the lad that was our guide showed us one that he said was weel kenn'd in our country as the Maid of Athéns. She was a great fat quean, really nae temptation ; but, no doubt, when she was younger, she might do—only I must here remark, that surely she was sorely fashed with the toothache,

for her mouth, as Mr. Oakes said, accorded with the town and scene, by being in ruins.

They took us in, and for the time we bided at Athens we were very comfortable; and being in a house, me and Mrs. Daidles sent word for our son, to tell him that we were come, by land and and water all the way from Scotland to see him, and he but to come to us. So Mr. Oakes, seeing that we had friends in Athens, went back to the papistical house, and bided with the monk that was there. Thus it came to pass, that although we saw him every day and oftener, while we staid at Athens, we were quat of him, and took up with our own get, who came flying on the wings of the wind when he heard of our arrival, making a straemash about it that was most comical—in a play actor's dress, which made us wonder what he was enacting there; but we were so much taken up with looking in his face, that really both his mother and me did not observe his parafernals till he bade us see them.

Well, after many things on both sides of the question with him, he stayed with us till we had a bit dinner—and it was very civilized—a hail lamb, roasted with chesnuts, which made Mrs. Daidles say she never kenn'd the use of chesnuts before. We had likewise a fat hen, which was most delicious, being garnished with raisins, that I mistook at first for cloks that had fallen down on the plate. Over and above all, which shews what a tasty people the Greeks are, we had a rose-ple. That was just a garden of Eden to take a bit of, being made of something that, Mrs. Daidles says, is sold in the doctors' shops by the name of preserve of roses.

Having partaken of our dinner, and Geordie most happy to see us, we went in the afternoon a stravaging with him through the town; and, I must say, that after all, though Athens may be a very ancient place—and of course grand—its no the town for my money; and I would say quietly, that its far more like that hateral

of auld biggings, the town of Stirling, than like Edinburgh ; but its weel kenn'd that men who get their wits from books are not very accurate in their knowledge, or they never would go to compare the town of Edinburgh with such a heap of mason-shivers as Athens is.

As our walk in the forenoon from the pier had made the gude wife no just herself, we did not prolong our ambulations, but went back to our lodgings, where we had a solid crack with Geordie, concerning King Otho and all about the Greeks. I could see, however, though I had no e'e in my neck, that Geordie was growing wud with them, for he had not found they were such play-actor gentry as he had fancied when he espoused their cause ; and he spoke of them in a way which gave me but a poor opinion of their principles.

Next morning, when we had swallowed a mouthful of breakfast, Geordie came to take us out to see the curiosities ; and we went up and down—but really there's very little yonder to

give a man, come, like me, to the years of discretion anything like instruction; one thing however I did see, and that was bunches of grapes lying on a roof, in the way of becoming raisins—which are just dried grapes, and are not boiled in a pan like jam, and then taken out and birstled before the fire, as the generality of grocers, both in Glasgow and Edinburgh, tell their customers, when they are asked how raisins are made.

Going about the town, Geordie knowing how hyte we would be to see every ferly, took us down to look at the Temple of Thesus, which I cannot say muckle aboot; for, although, to be sure, it is fabricated with white marble-stane, and has images upon it that might do to be converted into cherubims on kirk-yard head-stanes, it is not a very elegant thing; and, besides, it is grown old, and stands in need of a reparation, which is a great blemish.

I should here make a cogent remark, as Mr. Alfa, the schoolmaster, used to say: that temple

is just a name for a kirk, where they worship heathen gods ; but, before temples were purified into kirks, they were called churches, which is something between a kirk and a temple—just as the papists are better than the heathens, and the yepiscopalians better than the papists. It is, however, well known that the presbyterians are best of all ; as for the anti-burghers—the burghers—the reliefs—the anabaptists, and the rest of them, they are a clanjamphry that no corporate man, of a right understanding of what's good for his precious soul, cares anything about.

From the Temple of Thesus, Geordie took us up the Castle-hill to see the ferlies that are there—but yon is a ruined place. We saw nothing but lumps of stone, that had been marble pillars, and pillars standing by themselves. Really, it was a melancholious sight !—but we saw in a corner a most dreadful curiosity—and this was the light shining through a piece of the marble wall, as if it had been the horn of a bouët. Now, for marble to be of this nature is

most unco, and would puzzle Professor Jamieson himself to account for it. In short, not to make such a sprose as new-fangled travellers are in the practice of doing about the Castle of Athens, as if it had a king's crown in it like the Castle of Edinbro', I shall say no more; but we were in a confusion, and could neither make heads nor tails of the effigies we saw there—only Mrs. Daidles most sensibly remarked, that if there had been a time when men and horses were one creature, it was a be-thankit they were now dead,—“ though we have still,” said she, pawkily, “ ill-bred folk that want but the horns and the hooves of being brutes.”

By this time it was needful for us to rest, and back we went to our lodgings, where soon after Mr. Oakes came in, and we passed a most jocose afternoon—only the wine that we got to our dinner was not very pleasant, though we had two kinds of it; one of them had an odious taste of turpentine, and the other was mixed—as Geordie told us, with limestane—which

made it far from palatable. However, it was Greekish, which surely was a proof that it must be much better than the raw drink among us: and, upon a reflection, I thought it shewed superior civilization—for to drink it pleasantly was an acquired taste—just as to smoke tobacco, and to take snuff, with us is acknowledged to be a great luxury, though it takes time and pains to relish them properly.

It behoves me now to make a notandum—for although we did surely pass a most jocose afternoon in the luckie's house with the fat dochter, I could see that our son Geordie looked now and then queer at Mr. Oakes when he gave a laughing assent to what me and Mrs. Daidles said—as if he was not overly pleased with him, which made me most surprised—for Mr. Oakes often said he had never met with two persons whose remarks on what they saw were to be compared with what me and Mrs. Daidles said. However, Geordie did not from the very first draw well up with him, and in

the evening when Mr. Oakes went away, the young man speered at me in a very particular manner how we fell in with Mr. Oakes, and what had brought him with us to Athens.

I told Geordie very plainly how we had foregathered in the French stage, and that, from less to more, we had come together in a boat to the pier. He said nothing, but I could discern symptoms that he did not think my words glad tidings—and the upshot will be seen. I only here notify how early a blast could be seen brewing that came in the end to a storm.

The following day, after having composed ourselves, as I have rehearsed, in seeing the curiosities of the town, Geordie came to us, and said it behoved me to be presented to the king, who had heard of our arrival, and expected me to pay my respects to him.

“Its not necessary,” quo’ Geordie, “for my mother to go to court, because as yet there is no queen; but you must, and I’ll take upon

me to make all the arrangements for you, and come and take you in my hand."

I said to him that surely there was some mistake in thinking I could do such a thing—but he would take no denial; and, accordingly, I saw it behoved me to make a preparation, which, being a grand thing, requires to be related in a very particular manner, as I will do in the next chapter.

THE COURT.

AT a fit hour next day, Geordie, in his best, came to me to conduct me to the serai, as the king's dwelling-house is called at Athens; and I, being in my new Sabbath-day's clothes, was ready waiting for him. So we went out together up the street to the palace, which, I think, should, in all countries, be the name of the house where a king is a residenter.

The palace-yett is no great shakes, although it is a shaking commodity: it's just like the

yett at the New Inn's backside, and, when we went in it, all was just like a wastage, with four or five creatures in it, 'very like geese going about ; but they had large nebs, and Geordie said they were the birds mentioned in Scripture called the pelicans. We then went up a stair, where there was a terrible guard watching ; for all the world they were like (at the first glance) beggars, but at the second, they were more like robbers. Then a prejnct gentleman met us at the door, and took us into a room, where he said something in a Babylonish tongue to Geordie, whereupon Geordie said to me that it behoved me to cast off my shoes, and to put on yellow slippers.

This I was loath to do, for in the morning, on drawing on my stockings, I saw there was a hole in the feet, which, as Mrs. Daidles had not a darning-needle, was still unclosed there, and would be seen, if I took off my shoes before all the folks. But, however, there was no help for it ; so I just put a stout heart to a stey brae,

and made the excambio of the shoes for the slippers in a very unremarked manner, which caused me to think that surely the Greek gentry, poor folk, had been accustomed to stockings that needed mending, or they would have shewn more consternation than they did, at the holes of mine, where the toes looked out at.

When we had changed our feet, the offisher man led us into another room, where all the gentlemen, with many in play-actor dresses, had yellow slippers on, and were going into another room, one by one, to see the king.

In due season it came to our turn, and Geordie, stepping about an ell before me, went into the presence-chamber, where there was divers grandees, and I was in a flustration looking for the king, who, I naturally expected, would be an extraordinary. But, after some time, I saw only a laddie, no overly weel-faur'd, standing a thought in front of the clanjamphry, to whom Geordie, making a bow,

and kissing his hand, introduced me as Bailie Daidles, from Rivelan, in Scotland; whereupon the laddie-like king turned round to me and was going to say something, but at that very nick of time Geordie said, in a soft voice, to me, " Kiss hands ! kiss hands !" whereupon I put the ends of my right and left fingers to my lips, and, with a dancing-school flourish, did as I was admonished, which made the king very well pleased, and we were shewn out of the room, which causes me to make a remark on the ceremony.

Yon is surely cosnent wark, that is to say, a fash without pay, meat, or drink ; now, if I was a king, which I am not like to be, I would have both curran-bun and short-bread, with a glass of wine for every visiter at my levees : indeed, there is great folly in sic like dry solemnities, for I would defy any reasonable man to tell what's the use of seeing a king for naething. If we had to pay for seeing him, there might be some sense in the ordination, for

you know we pay for seeing far-come wild beasts ; and, if we got any thing for our pains, then there would be a reason, likewise, for attending levees ; but having neither to pay for going, nor getting any thing, I would say its very thriftless wark. And so thought Mrs. Daidles, when we went home. Indeed, she was more confounded than me, for she expected that there would surely have been a cold veal pie on the side-table, with many other savoury articles ; but just as she was making her wonderment at the starvation we had encountered, she happened to glint her eyes at my feet.

“ In the name of a’ that’s gude,” cried she, “ whar did ye get thae yellow feet like a guse ? ”

I cast down my eyes too, and, sure enough, I had come away in the yellow slippers, and left my good shoes behind me, which was the more dolorous, as they happened to be the only pair in my aught in Athens.

Geordie was with us, but he being an officer in the king's guards, had not changed his shoes, and so never thought of the possibility of my calamity coming to pass.

However, seeing that I was in such affliction for the loss of my shoes, he went back to the palace ; but " once away, aye away"—no shoes were there. Indeed, if I had a right consideration of the roguery that goes on about palaces and kings, I would have considered the perdition of my shoes as a certain thing, and never troubled myself about them ; but, somehow, there was really so much human nature about yon house in Athens, that I could not think it possible that any person of a decent appearance would purloin my shoes ; however, as it was not easy to think a well-made pair of shoes, that had been bought out of a shop in Glasgow, would be found at Athens, it really was not easy to lose them. But lost they were, and it was sometime before I could get any thing in

their place, except a pair of bauchle slippers, which made my ambulations in the streets very short and fatiguing.

In the afternoon, after we had been to see the king, Mr. Oakes came to us to see if we would go with him to pay a visit to an old Greek—a grand man that he was acquainted with—which me and Mrs. Daidles very readily consented to do ; but I could see, though I could not guess the cause, that Geordie gave Mr. Oakes a dour look when he invited us, and said, in a way that could not be mistaken, that he would go too, though he was unbidden, which caused a cloud to come upon the countenance of Mr. Oakes. However, we all went to make our visitation to the Greek old man.

His house, like all the other houses of a better sort in Athens, was within a wall, and there was a tree in the yard, and a seat under it. So, having looked about us, we went up an outside stair, and going up an outside stair we saulied along a kind of an outshot that

Geordie called a gallery, and a lad with a comical head, tied with a red plaid, rolled up like a rope, lifted a rug from before a door, and showed us intill the room where the old Greek was sitting cross-legged like a tailor, upon a settee, with a long stick in his hand, as it then seemed to me—the one end of it resting on a pewter plate in the middle of the floor, and the other like a great lemon, on the old man's chin. Would you believe it, this was a tobacco-pipe ! but how the smoke came from the one end to the other, such a distance, is to me a mystery.

Mr. Oakes introduced Mrs. Daidles first to Mr. Omega, and I speered quietly from Geordie if he was in any degree related to the O'Meara's or O'Connell's, of Ireland—his name beginning with an Oalso ; but he said “ Whisht ! whisht ! ” and looked not well pleased at my very reasonable question.

Then the old man having signified, by a debonnair smile, how well pleased he was to see

us, clappit his hands three times, and in there came a lad that was no doubt his servant, to whom he said something in the Greek tongue—for all the folks yonder speak Greek naturally; then the lad went out and brought in the old man's Senhora, a very comely woman, and she was just transported to see Mrs. Daidles, speak to her as if she was deaf, and she crying back in the same manner, but there was no understanding between them; however, I was very well pleased we had come, for it gave us an insight of the country.

Really yon was a very grand room—the settees round the walls were of true velvet, and there were more things than I can tell that attracted my attention. By-and-by the servant men brought us pipes, and a lassie with a mutch made of sixpences, with plaited hair down the back to the rumple-bone, brought on a plate a beautiful pot of jam, with a tea-spoon in it, from which the leddy of the house took a spoonful in her mouth, licking the spoon, and

putting it back in the dish, signifying to the lassie to hand it about, first to Mrs. Daidles, and syne to the rest of the company, which was surely very polite; but I would have been better pleased, if, instead of only one spoon for us all, we had all a spoon the piece, for yon licking at one spoon is not the best of decorums. Geordie, however, told us the cause of the mistress licking the spoon first was to give, as he said, confidence to us strangers that there was no poison in the dish, which shows what an oppression the Greeks must have come through to invent such a machination to bespeak cordiality.

After we had pree'd the jam—for really, to tell the truth, I could not find in my heart to put it in my mouth, after seeing the spoon so slaked by all the company—we rose in a very solemn manner, and, coming away, Mrs. Daidles saying to me, did not I think the Senhora a very agreeable person, and such a beautiful gown as she had on. the very marrow of a damask satin

that her grandmother had, only the ground was crimson, and her grandmother's a beautiful yellow.

When we got back to the "Maid of Athens' Head" (she was not a Saracen), as Mr. Oakes called our lodgings, we had a comfortable dish of tea, for by this time we were not without the need of it, seeing we had been so throng all day, seeing what is not to be seen everywhere, and having, as I have already noted, but scrim-pit allowance. Mr. Oakes rose and went away, not overly well pleased, and Geordie was glunching and glooming at him as disconcerted.

A B R I D E.

WHEN we were quat of Mr. Oakes for the night, I could see that Geordie had a matter of something that he wanted to disclose to me and his mother. To be sure, since he had left home, he had got greatly clear of his blateness, which,

I suppose, came of his being among a people that was so long ago civilized like the Greeks ; but, for all that, I could discern that he had something to say not just words of course, which made the absence of Mr. Oakes at that time a cordial to me and the gudewife, for while he staid we saw a brewing.

Well, Mr. Oakes being gone, I said to Geordie, “ Ye may lay your egg now, the nest is ready— what is’t that ye are so big wi’, and at the downlying ?” Whereupon his face grew like a nor’wast moon, though he was, I maun allow, at times, a spunk of a birkie.

“ Deed, Geordie,” said his mother, “ ye need hum and haw no more aboutit but just open the pock and let the cat jump out. Man, if ye were on a purpose of marriage, and this your booking night, ye could not think shame with mair modesty.”

Quo’ Geordie, “ Mother, you may be no far wrong with your guess.”—

“ The losh preserve me !” said Mrs.

Daidles; “wha ever heard of a Scotch lad being married upon a Greekish lass! Is she a king’s dochter, or wha is she?”

So, Geordie giving a discreet kind of a nicher, told us that he was that night to be contracted to a Miss Logathety, and he wanted me and his mother to be present at the ceremony. Whereupon, just to draw him on, I said “Surely we will go there; for although I have been both at bridals and weddings, being a married man, I had never been at a contracting, as there is no such politess in the kirk of Scotland; “besides,” quo’ I, “Geordie, ye ken I’m now a travelling man, and it behoves me to see every thing uncommon in foreign countries, and a contracting must be a very comical thing.

Mrs. Daidles was more to the point than me, and said, “And wha is Mr. Logathety?”—

Geordie, the pawkie sorrow, said he was in the management of the town, looking at me askew.

“ Aye, aye,” quo’ his mother, “ that may be true—ye ken the town-drummer is o’ the corporation, and no one makes such a soun’ in his post. What is Mr. Logathety?—Is he the dean o’ guild,—or a bailie—or the proves’—or only a justice o’ the peace?—What is he?—for ye ken I maun look to the connexion.”—

“ Is his dochter,” quo’ I, “ weel faur’d?”

“ Whisht! whisht!” quo’ Mrs. Daidles; “ let us first see if the father is creditable, and then we can look into the particularities of the dochter.”

To this, Geordie made a respond, by telling us that Mr. Logathety was a dealer in oils and olives, and was the primate; and, moreover, had a brother who was British consul.

“ My word! Geordie,” said Mrs. Daidles, “ thou was ay an upsetting thing!—Wha would a thought you could hae been sae far ben? Gudeman, was na’ Boneyparty a consult before he was an emperour;—and then, Mr. Logathety—our friend that is to be—

he's, as Geordie says, a prime man.—Geordie, my dear, it's ordained for all men, once in life, to marry; and if your time is come, I'll no object to your taking Miss Logathety;—so, that being my resolution, ye must just confable wi' your father about what he says; but if he'll tak my advice—he'll no be overly condumacious against you.”——

Thus it came to pass, after various “I'ses” and “A'ses” too tedious to mention, and which it does not become a man to put intill a book that is to go to posterity, we agreed, me and the gudewife, to go and see the contrack of marriage.

In our way thitherward to Mr. Logathety's dwelling, Geordie told me that of old, under the Turkish oppressions, two years passed between the contrack and the wedding; but now, with a free and independent government, things were altered; and that, although the old fashions were adhered to, the folks in Greece

were left very much to the freedom of their own will; and that he thought, since his mother and me were in Athens, he would have the contrack performed, and maybe, by-and-by, at his convenience, have all the marriage completed.

As this was told in a very sagacious manner, I began to think with myself that the callant had more gumption than I thought; so, before going to Mr. Logathety's yett, I drew Mrs. Daidles aside, and said to her,—

“ Really, this killievie of Geordie's is a very sober proceeding; and if ye're of my mind, Leezy, we'll no object to the occasion that Geordie has brought us to see this night.”

Mrs. Daidles, who was certainly a woman not without a head of her own, more than a nail, made a most conciliatory reply;— so we went intill the house with Geordie, and there we found a meeting of friends, and the bride, that was to be, sitting on a high seat, like as

on a table, with her face painted, which is a Greekish practice, denoting that she must put a fause face on in many a conjugal skirmish.

Being seated, all looking at the bride, who was certainly geered in very fine embroidered clothes, which I am sure might have stood alone, there was so much gold and silver about them, we had a cup of coffee; and after a time, my wife said to me below her breath, "Gudeman," said she, "that Miss Logathety is very much like Mrs. Dunn the play-actor lady that did Leddy Macbeth in our barn."

"Mrs. Daidles," quo' I, "Mrs. Dunn was a randy compared to Miss Logathety; and I assure you that I am very glad to see that Geordie has made such a choice as this."

Quo' she—"Gudeman, as to that, I'll maybe have something to say when we gang to our beds; but really this is a very outstrapolous wedding. However, here's the lass with the jelly pat, and, for mense, you and me, gudeman, must take a spoonful for the bride's benefit."

So turning round, and placing ourselves in preaching postures, we took a spoonful of the rose-jam and a glass a-piece of ratifee, which is a kind of brandy very like whiskey; but I could not swallow it, for it was just pushion'd with annet-seed, and tasted as if it had come out of a doctor's bottle, which every body must allow is a very odious thing.

Having witnessed this pomp of the contracting, and not being just in a condition to hold a conversation in Greek with Mr. Logathety, very little as may be supposed, passed between him and me; but Mrs. Daidles, who is now and then a thought talkative, said in a cadgy manner, did not I think that Mrs. Logathety, the bride's mother, was a fine looking body;--but no to criticise overly much, there was constantly about yon parade enough to give a satisfaction; so, when all was done, me and Mrs. Daidles came away; and Geordie, who was that night most dutiful to us, though at times a wee bull-horned, came also with us to the Maid of Athens's

Head, where we bided ; and weel pleased he was to hear that both me and his mother had no solid objection to Miss Logathety. Indeed, if we had, what would have been the use of saying so, matters having come the length of a contracting ? But Geordie's back was not weel turned till his mother's heart fill'd fu', and she began to roar and greet on the sitee, thinking what a judgment-like thing it was that ever a decent lad of Scottish parentage would draw up with a pentit Jezebel in a foreign land. I did my best to pacify the poor woman, for Mrs. Daidles, it is well known, has a tender heart ; and, among other comforts, I told her that a contracting was not a wedding, but only a kind of booking, and that it was in the power of a come-to-pass to send the swine through Geordie's marriage before it was allowed to take place.

“ That,” said the gudewife, “ is all my hope ; for, if a ceevil war shou'd crack the laddie Otho under its thumb-nail, Geordie

might be spared to be a comfort to us at hame." And it was weel that her thoughts took this turn, for really the poor woman was in a manner demented when she thought that our only get was going to marry a trooper, as she called her, dressed out like a Dublin doll or a Flanders baby. So we then went to our bed, and in the watches of the night we had some serious conversing about Geordie and Bailie Logathety's dochter ; for I thought it just as well to use ourselves, in speaking of him, to a Christian name from the very beginning ;—so I called him Bailie, and my wife did so likewise.

A Q U A R R E L.

THE next morning Geordie, being a wee vogie that me and his mother had been so content over-night with the woman of his choice, came to us very soon and spoke much—but not a great deal to the purpose. How-

ever, he inquired, in a most circumspek manner, about Mr. Oakes, minting what me and his mother could not believe—for we had never seen a more complimentary young man—that there was something about Mr. Oakes which he did not like—saying, “ I cannot understand what brought a gentleman, whom you say has a power of ready money, going for his pleasure to Naeplace, to come out of his way with you and my mother all the way to Greece. It does not look well.”

Although Geordie was a clever laddie, yet it was not to be thought that he could have an old head on young shoulders ; so I did not pay a very orthodox attention to what he said, but the gudewife grew into a terrification.

“ Geordie,” said she, “ what do ye ken about Mr. Oakes ? ”

“ Nay,” said Geordie, “ that’s just the question I put to you. Laying one thing together with another—his rings upon his fingers, his gold watch, and yon way of putting his hand

in his bosom and streeking himself up, are, to me, very suspicious circumstances."

I confess that this observe daunt on'd myself; but I said nothing, because I saw that the words took an infertment of Mrs. Daidles's mind, and she inquired what our son meant.

Says she, "Now that ye speak of rings on fingers, and prejunct ways, I jalouse something. Yon Mr. Oakes is not, I doubt, just the Gospel man that we have been seduced to believe."

"Who seduced you?" said Geordie.

"Na!" was the answer, quo' his mother, "that's a question amang divines. If we had ony body to wyte with the foregathering with him, it would be something, but as James Tout, the guard of the mail coach, used to say of an unlucky accident, that it was an adoration of the Deevil's providence—we are in a strait, and really, upon a thought, I can find nobody to make a scapegoat of."

"Well," said Geordie, "my opinion of yon man is not what it might be; and I would ad-

vise you to have very little more to say to him ; for, depend upon it, he has come to Greece along with you, just, in plain English, to make fools of you."

" Fools !" exclaimed Mrs. Daidles, " is that possible ?—decent folks coming to Greece to see their son, and making observes by the way, like other honest travellers by sea and land—for whom every minister of the parish prays in the aftering prayer !—If I thought that he came for no other ends erran' than to——"

" That, my dear mother," said Geordie, " is most becoming ; but, take my word for it, yon sleekit fellow has not come to Athens with you for nothing."

" That's just what I thought," said I, edging in a word ; " for when I speired what his trade was, he said he was a dillytanty, which, to the best of my knowledge, is something of a candle-snuffer about the play-houses—and his good clothes, I thought, might be owing to the candle-snuffers of the London play-houses

being, as it is well known, men of pedigree ; but, to do him justice, I must say that he did not mak a rouse of his trade—but maybe he did not like to speak of it.”

“ All that,” said Geordie, “ is a proof that you should be on your guard with him.”

“ Dear me !” cried the gudewife, are we in a jeopardy ?”

“ Not exactly so,” said Geordie ; “ but, my respected parents,” (I use his very words), “ you have seen all that is to be seen at Athens—it is not a place for you—the country is distracted with tumults, and there is a vessel going to Gibraltar immediately :—I would advise you, therefore, to go with her—and from Gibraltar it will not be difficult to find your way home.”

Now, I must acknowledge, that there was a good part of this speech very common sense—for both me and Mrs. Daidles had been saying to one another, that having seen him very well, and likely, in the course of nature, to be mar-

ried to a woman, there was but little for us to do longer in Athens.

Thus it came to pass, from less to more, that me and my wife packit up our ends and our awls, and going down to the pier with Geordie, we took our passage in the ship for Gibraltar, and shaking hands with him, came away from the town of Athens, leaving Mr. Oakes, with all his impudence, behind us.

From the pier of Athens, in Greece, to Gibraltar, is a very pleasant passage, with a fair wind; and, except in coming by we saw the hills of Sicily, and divers others mountainous places, we got into Gibraltar without detriment — only Mrs. Daidles was fashed by the tar on the dyke, sticking, in the most unheard-of manner, to her coat-tails.

G I B R A L T A R.

THIS is a very curious place, and surely well worth seeing; but, in my opinion, it is not so

strong a fortress as the generality of people suppose ; for it is, indeed, more like a mountain than a castle, just after the manner of Dumbarton Castle. As for its strength, it could never play pew to Edinburgh Castle, which shews how the moderns have degenerated from their antsisters, who were to a certainty most great warriors.

Here I should note, that it is well known to be a policy of government to diminish the fame of our own natural forts, like that at Edinburgh ; because it might be an incitement to Radicals and other blacknebs to try and get possession of them, if it was thought that they were indeed such condumacious edifications as they are.

Having made this general observe on Gibraltar, I should here note, that the Bay is a very pleasant kind of a loch, with a rim of mountains all round, and one of them opposite the mouth of the bay is most majestical, standing in Africkay, called the Apes' Hill ; when you have

seen it, and turned round about, you see in Spain another hill that they call the Queen's Seat ; because, in the siege of the floating batteries, the Queen of Spain had an airm-chair brought to the top of it, where she sat, seeing the floating batteries spitting bomb shells, and Gibraltar vomiting upon them with the bock of a great noise, red hot balls that were most deadly.

On going on shore, me and Mrs. Daidles were conducted by a sentinal to the town major, to convince him that we were not spies ; and he was a most civilized man, giving us a permit for passing the gates in the day-time, and allowing us to see all the unco's of the place. So, being afterwards shewn to an inns, we hired a bed-room for the time we intended to stay, and then sallied forth to see ferlies ; in doing of which we were obligated to go about the town ; and, really, to make a divulgement, yon is but a hateral of houses, with a very ordinar main street, neither half so good nor half so wide as that most creditable place, the

Borough of Musselburgh ; it's just a kind of a Leith, no quite so good, and has neither a bank nor a tontine : and though it has a custom-house, it is not a pile of architectural building, as they call the one at Leith, but the flat of a house up an outside stair.

Going about the town, which the dry weather made very clean, we saw a comical crowd of ower-sea folk, sitting on their hunkers in the shady side of the way ; they were bearded and bare-legged, all huddled together in a way that I never saw any creatures of God's making so congregated before, unless it was wee grumphies pooking at their mithers as she lay in the mire at all her length.

We next saw an old castle on the shoulder of the rock ; but great information anent the town is not to be expected from me. However, it's a place very favourable to the production of drouth, the fatal effects of which we saw in the shape of drunken soldiers, lying on the street, which was surely a melancholious sight, and

did no credit to the bailies to let such abominations be committed.

It is, however, well known, that the Rock of Gibraltar, though a sweet thing, is a great breeder of drouthiness ; for what we sell in the shops like London candy is of this nature ; but I could see none of it here—all the shingles having the appearance and taste of whin-stones.

Mrs. Daidles and me were advised to go to the top of the hill, where we would see a very delightful prospect ; and, accordingly, up we went next morning ; but, oh ! the “hills of difficulty” in the Pilgrim’s Progress are bowling-greens (though a wee like the Duke of Argyle’s bowling-green at the Gareloch Head) compared to a visitation to General O’Hara’s Tower. Mrs. Daidles, when she got there, gruppit me by the arm, crouched down, and said the men below were no bigger than pint stoups—and really it’s a frightful place—so that, when we got there, we durst not look about us, but were glad to make the best of our way down to the bottom :

the gudewife remarking that it was but a step from yon high place intil a better world, which she was never so near before, for, in the words of Scripture, she is not fond of " skipping on the mountains like a doe."

When we had taken a chack of refreshment at the inns, I sent the lad of the house to see if there was any ship that would take us home to Scotland ; and he came back, saying there was a Clyde vessel going to Greenock, which would sail that night ; wherefore, I rose from my chair in a great hurry, crying, it was a God-send, and, who was the master ? He, the waiter, could not tell ; but I told him to run as fast as he could, which he did, and brought back Captain Gourock with him, at the sight whereof, both me and Mrs. Daidles were transported ; for Captain Gourock was married upon her good-sister's niece, and to meet with one that was sib, in a foreign land, was surely most extraordinar. So we made a paction with the captain to be his passengers ; but yon is a most extortinate town.

Not thinking that we would meet with such an opportunity in three days, I hired our bed-room for that time, and they made a charge of two cobs for every night of the three days I thought we might be obligated to stay, though providence was pleased to circumscribe our sojourn to one night. I was, however, so cadgy with having met a friend, that I paid the money, though I cannot say it was just in the most pleasantest manner. And here it is requisite, for the benefit of the reader's understanding, that I should mention what a cob is; for unless I do so, how can it be expected that he will comprehend the meaning? A cob done into English is neither more nor less than a plain dollar, which it must be allowed that two is a high price to pay for a bed-room in Gibraltar, where there is such a plague of flies, as a wink of sleep may be said no to be had in it for love or money.

Having settled our reckoning, and gone on board the "Gallopig Goat," as Captain Gou-

rock's ship was called, we sailed homeward-bound, and, after a pleasant passage, arrived at Greenock, where we landed, and had a most comfortable dish of tea with Mrs. Gourrock, the captain's wife, at whose house we staid that night. Next morning we gaed up in a steam-boat to Glasgow, where we were in the purlews—as I may say—of our ain borough, which we reached before dinner-time, walking out on our own feet from Glasgrow to that well-kenn'd town.

Having thus rehearsed all the outs-and-ins of our Jaunt to Athens, it would have been far from my hand to put out a book; but Deacon Blethers said it was more extraordinar than Commodore Anson's Voyage round the World, or Captain Robert Boyle's Adventures, I began, like all other men of a leeterary turn, to think of the profit I might make by publicating; for it is well known, that there is not such another trade for making gold in gowpens than book-making—which is now, however, becoming very common—provising it is most profitable—

but I swithered about doing it; till one day I read in a newspaper that a Mr. Osborne Oakes was going to put out his travels, and saw that it was our fellow-traveller, I be-thought me that there could be no moral obligation violated if I, as well as Mr. Oakes, sent my observes to the public. I did not, however, just come to a conclusion at that time; but I sent to the man that has a chameleon in the cavey, that he feeds with sweet things, for Mr. Oakes' Travels, to see what he said of us. But, dear me! Mr. Oakes is far away! He saw the same things with very different een from me and the gudewife; and what he says about us is not the matter of fact; therefore, to put the thing on a true footing, I could do no less than print the particularities of our Jaunt, which I have here set forth for the edification of all men, and the instruction of posterity.

THE CRANIOLOGISTS.

FEW men in their day were more celebrated than Dr. Kimmerslaught, professor of moral philosophy and metaphysics, in the University of Glüsterberg. He was not only known to all the most distinguished crowned heads of Christendom while he lived, but corresponded with the most eminent jurists and judges of that age; in his college, the students of his two classes absolutely worshipped him. Yet he possessed no brilliancy of character; his manners were simple, his habits sequestered, and he appeared as if enchanted by his books, which were selected with care, and were all of the most abstruse learning, the most recondite and mystical portion of science.

But though few could live more retired—and certainly none excelled him in the singular learning which he sometimes shewed in his lectures—yet it was not so much on account of his acquirements as a professor that he was remarkable, as for a curious kind of knowledge, which he either had attained or morbidly affected. Those most inclined to award indulgence to his strangest pretensions were often compelled to admit that his wildest and darkest theories were supported by an ingenuity to which they could not but apply the epithet of startling.

Among the various kinds of occult knowledge which he sometimes appeared to have attained, was a belief in the universality of one frame of machinery in the structure of the world. He considered it as demonstrated by the order of things, that all nature formed but one consistent and connected whole ; and, in consequence, regarded all laws of human enactment as arrangements to which man submitted—as rules—

but which, however efficacious in society, could not affect the purposes of nature. "Laws," he frequently said, "are only good in proportion as they harmonize, in their provisions, with obvious ordinations and actions; criminal, as they mar or molest the working of the eternal enginery. What we call sins are, in fact, crimes; but man, regardless of this, often neglects sins, and makes artificial offences by the will and coercion of legislators."

It requires no illustration to prove that a man who cherished such opinions could not be a subject of any state, and that, however impressive and superior his genius, the sphere of his labours was best circumscribed to the cloisters of a monastery, or the halls of an university.

But, independently of his peculiar theories, Dr. Kimmerslaught was a person of uncommon benevolence, and spent the vacations of his classes in visiting the prisons in different parts of the empire, and spending much time with the convicted wherever he went, especially

with such criminals as were, in any degree, remarkable for the extraordinary character or circumstances of their guilt.

The last time that I was at Vienna, I met his nephew, Baron Von Bugle, who was much attached to the memory of the old man; and, among other things concerning his uncle, mentioned that, at his death, he had himself inherited by will, with his library, a collection of manuscripts.

“It appears, from the cursory glance,” said the Baron, “that I have given to them, that they are generally of his own writing, and consist of biographical sketches of the different felons whom, in the course of time, he had met with. They are curious papers, and if you have any inclination to look at them, come to my lodgings, and I will lay them before you.”

The offer did not seem particularly tempting, for I never felt much pleasure in once or twice looking into the Newgate Calender, or the *Causes Célèbres* of the French, though I have

sometimes thought that they furnished materials for a very impressive philosophical treatise. However, as I was not very intimate with the Baron, I could not well decline his invitation, especially as it was obvious he made it from civility.

Accordingly, I went to his lodgings, and in his study, he laid before me quite an armful of papers, the manuscripts before alluded to, saying I would find in them very striking pictures of the Professor's reason to think that sins in nature were, the foundations of offences in laws.

He then left me, and, as the weather was wet and gloomy, I drew my seat to the table, and began, in a desultory manner, to look at the contents of the manuscripts.

It was a most singular collection ; many of the stories were arranged from notes and memoranda, and all were tinged with the hue of a peculiar genius as rare as it was original.

After I had turned over the mass, I lifted one

paper to read it with some degree of care, and soon felt myself so much interested by its contents, that they have ever since strangely affected my soberest cogitations. It was written in the German language, and in many places exhibited a degree of poetical eloquence highly beautiful. I shall not, however, attempt a translation, but give the general current of the old man's narrative.

CHARLOTTE JANSIN.

"I MET," said the Professor, "with Charlotte Jansin in the prison of Heidelvitch, in Hungary; she was condemned to die for a crime that I dare not describe, till I have made the reader acquainted with her story. It was, indeed, so hideous, that without this prelude, no person of ordinary humanity would give it credit. She was, at the time, not one-and-twenty years old, and the general impression of her appearance was exceedingly prepossessing. It seemed, at

the first glance, comely and benign ; her aspect was not beautiful, but pleasing and calm ; her hair was of a flaxen colour ; her eyes of a beautiful clear blue, and her teeth regular and of a pearly whiteness ; while her complexion, fresh and rosy, betokened an unsophisticated country maiden. Nothing in her mien or look gave the slightest indication of the dreadful offence for which she had been condemned ; yet of her guilt no doubt could be entertained, it had been made so clear.

“ On seeing this young woman, so little like a delinquent, I was greatly surprised, for I had gone to her cell expecting to behold a very different sort of being. I was allured, indeed, in my visit, by the report of her diabolical crime ; but, instead of the merciful looking creature that I found her, I expected to see a haggard, and, if I may be allowed the expression, such a discordant aggregate of features, as could not but prepare the spectator for some unheard-of divulgement. I was, however, mistaken.

“After the first introduction, I observed a curious dilation on each side of her temples, something not common; and, being a little addicted to craniology, I at once concluded that these odd protuberances might be the signs that indicated her extraordinary delinquency. No doubt they were, but there is a kind of respect inspired by the situation of a doomed criminal which restrains the desires of curiosity. This feeling I felt very awfully upon me, as I looked on the composed and mild creature; but in time it wore off, and becoming more at ease, I began to speak with her concerning the atrocity of which she had been found guilty, and was condemned to die by the lingering and dismal death of the stake.

“At first my questions were diffidently proposed, and she answered them without emotion; her manuer encouraged me to proceed, and I became more free. At last, observing her so little agitated, I requested, in my usual manner, that she would relate to me the history of her life.

“ ‘ With the greatest pleasure,’ said she, ‘ it is not very remarkable, save in the series of those actions which were consummated by my last exploit, and of which I cannot conceive the guilt, having derived only pleasure of the intensest kind from what the lawyers call the perpetration.’ ”

“ ‘ My father was a farmer on the Count of Ourenslaughten’s estate, and he had several other children beside me. The eldest was a daughter, who took charge of the family : I was the youngest.’ ”

“ ‘ While yet a child, not more than two years old, I became sensible of that gratification which I have ever enjoyed in beholding the destruction of buildings by fire, in the starry tranquillity of a beautiful night.’ ”

“ ‘ One evening, while playing with some of the other children in front of my father’s dwelling, we were roused by a man hastily coming over a rising ground, crying that the Count’s castle was on fire. Young as I was,

I ran with my little brothers and sisters to the top of the hill, and there beheld, in the peacefulness of the valley beyond, the castle, on its rocky base, wrapt in a mantle of smoke, beautifully, as it appeared to me, speckled with sparks of fire. I cannot describe to you what ecstasy the sight produced in my young mind. I cried out with transport as the winged stars, as I called them, ascended from the burning towers; all the windows glowed with fire more splendid than the sun in the horizon, and when the flames began to burst forth, they licked, as it were, the deep blue of the skies with the playfulness of affectionate creatures. Never had I till then witnessed such dalliance; my whole soul was filled with a gay delight, and I looked at the conflagration as if I beheld something more glorious than the morning.'

"While she was thus describing her feelings, the serenity of her comely features became impassioned, and she spoke of the sight as one

that still enjoys happiness from the mere remembrance.—Continuing :

““ When the fire was extinguished, I returned home; but all the night my innocent fancy was delighted with thinking of those playful stars and lovely, affectionate flames, that never ceased to change their forms—in every change shining still more enchanting.

““ In time, the particular remembrance of the Count's fiery castle faded ; but, from that era, I had an indescribable passion to witness the showers of stars, and felt a keen rapture in beholding the rising of flames.

“ ‘ For some time I never thought of trying to produce the phenomenon which gave me such pleasure; but often have I sat poring over the splinters of our winter's hearth, inhaling inexpressible delight from witnessing the gambols of the flames, and the sparks that, like gems in the sunshine, often rose when I stirred the smouldering ashes.

“ ‘ At last it occurred to me one day, when I had reached my fifth year, and was alone in the house, that it would be something equivalent to ecstasy to behold our bed and the curtains caressed and embraced by brilliant fires. The desire to witness such a splendid vision was irresistible, and, with a fine frenzy, I snatched a living brand from the burning, and flung it upon the bed. In a moment the flames mounted, the glorious spirits clasped with their arms of light the curtains and the tester. All my frame thrilled with rapture, and it was not till I saw the conflagration fastening on the ceiling that I fled out of doors.

“ ‘ The house was consumed, but I was not suspected ; yet I had now acquired the key by which, at will, I could obtain access to the most ineffable gratification. Not, however, without a few natural tears did I sympathize with the misfortunes of the family, and lament the loss of every thing my father could call his own.

“ ‘ The burning of my father’s house was another era. The apparent accident excited universal commiseration—the charity of every heart in the neighbourhood was unsluiced, and the bounty flowed in upon us in many a copious stream. Among other instances of the good fortune it was the means of awakening, was the attention of a Madame Freidlinberg which it directed towards me. She was the widow of the general of that name, and having no children of her own, spoke to my mother about me, and obtained permission to take me away to her own residence.

“ ‘ Madame Freidlinberg was, in some respects, no ordinary character ; but the death of her brave husband had induced her to shun the gaities of the world, and to devote herself to the constant practice of benevolence ; indeed, she had made a vow to the Holy Virgin to do so, and, in consequence, left Prague, the usual scene of her abode, to take up her domicile in the castle of Bam, which had been the paternal inheritance

of her deceased husband. Some insinuated that she had retired from Prague because she found in that city the objects of charity too manifold for her narrow fortune. However that may be, she had no sooner obtained me into her keeping, than she evinced the utmost maternal solicitude. She could not do enough to polish the simple peasant girl, and to bring out those streaks and hues of genius which even at that early age she perspicaciously discovered in my character.

“ ‘When I had resided with her at Bam, under her intelligent tuition, making great progress for several years, she proposed one morning to remove, on my account, to Vienna.

“ ‘My dear Charlotte,’ said she, ‘talents such as it has pleased nature to endow you with, must not be lost to the world in these sylvan solitudes. You are an instrument designed and fated for great purposes, and it would be injustice to the liberality of the gifts with which you are enriched, to keep you longer in this rural sequestration.’

“ ‘ Accordingly, Madame Freidlinberg gave orders in the course of the day respecting our removal, and next morning we set out, duly attended, for the Austrian capital.

“ ‘ I well remember it was then the spring of the year ; every branch and bough of the trees as we passed held out from its buds the fingers of the young leaves to the ray, as you sometimes see little children holding out their innocent hands, ungloved, to the vernal shower. Madame Freidlinberg made the observation, and young as I then was, I could not but assent to its beauty and justness.

“ ‘ For two days after leaving Bam, the spirit of gladness revelled in all things. The breezes fondled with the trees, the flowers smiled in the pastures, and the birds made the air vocal with their songs—even the crows, as they walked the fresh-ploughed fields, seemed to have confidence in man : all was holiday and delight.

“ ‘ In the afternoon of the second day, when we were about a league from Urpertasle, an

inconsiderable village on the borders of Hungary, the skies became suddenly overcast, dark clouds careered in the welkin, the winds blew loud, and every thing betokened a storm :— sheep gathered themselves together, as if suddenly made sensible of the advantages of being social and gregarious, and the cumbersome black cattle galloped with surprising agility into places of shelter. All portended a tempest; and Madame Freidlenberg, in the greatest alarm, declared that we must stay in Urpertasle that night, which so many omens prognosticated would be dreadful. Accordingly, as soon as we got to the village inn, instead of calling for refreshment, as we had originally intended, we gave notice to the hostess that we would sleep there.

“ ‘ The inn of Urpertasle is not remarkable, but over it several beautiful old elms waved their branches — a sweet place : the very countenance of the blithe landlady would have looked away the vapours from the most morose of hearts.

Such was the inn at which my patroness resolved to pass the night—oh ! fatal resolution !—but you shall hear the melancholy result.

“ ‘ As the storm without continued to increase in violence, we could not stir abroad ; and Madame Freidlinberg, in consequence, ordered a fire for the night to be kindled in her bed-chamber—a small room, entering from one of larger dimensions, where I was to sleep with her maid. The arrangement was perfect, and although the turbulence of the elements continued to rage, we passed a happy evening. At last the hour at which Madame nightly retired arrived, and she went without a presentiment to her own apartment : soon after I accompanied Teresa also to bed in the outer-room, where we had a fire kindled in a porcelain stove.

“ ‘ When the light was extinguished, the room with the gleams of the wooden fuel from the stove had a grim and lugubrious appearance, the horrors of which were augmented by the noises of the storm riding triumphant in the

midnight air. I listened to them, and could not sleep; but the careless and fortunate Teresa was soon locked in the embraces of Morpheus.

“ ‘ I lay beside her, thinking of many things, and often gazing at the window, through which I could, as the night wore away, perceive the abating of the tempest, and the starry sky here and there, with its deep azure and fretted fires, looking benignantly upon the world of man. My heart was filled with an innocent felicity, the manes of my departed days returned, and I thought of the still evening and the glorious night, in which I beheld with such unspeakable pleasure the burning of Count Ourenslaughten’s castle. I also recalled the brilliant conflagration of my father’s lowly dwelling, and all the consequences which ensued, adorning the event with the ensigns of good fortune.

“ ‘ The meditation grew more and more intense—the blast without subsided into sighs—the showers ceased to blatter on the casement—

and the lamps of heaven were seen twinkling opposite the window, as if their wicks had been newly trimmed. In this beautiful hour a flame of inexpressible splendour flickered from the stove, like a poet's thought; and I was seized in the same moment with a glowing desire to witness the dark chamber occupied with nimble fires. In vain I contended with the ardent passion. I thought of the hail and the storm—of the danger that might be incurred by rushing from the coverlets into the humid air. But all was insufficient—the impulse was irresistible—the hand of destiny was upon me, and I could not but obey.

“ ‘ I rose softly from the couch—I beheld from the window the stars shining with loveliness in the clear, deep azure of the skies. I walked on tip-toe, and with stealthy steps, to a chair on which lay the garments of Teresa—I took from them a stocking—I went to the stove—I kindled the agent of my igneous will, and in a moment the room was in flames.

“ ‘ I beheld them coil and festoon from one thing to another : sometimes they spouted up with pyramidal elegance ; at others they stretched their joyous arms, and caressed with vivacity the most inert materials ; at last, with ecstatic agility, they sprung up and caught the curtains of the bed where Teresa lay asleep. In the same instant she awoke, and with cries of fire alarmed the house.

“ ‘ Madame Freidlenberg heard the noise, and rose to make her escape ; but she was in the practice of sleeping with her chamber-door fast locked, and she could not turn the key. Her terror was intense -- the flames grew hungry as they devoured. We cried to her to leap the window—we fled into the open air—all the house breathed smoke. We saw from the street Madame, distracted, at the window—it was barred with iron stanchions—she could not escape. The fire behind burst in—the flames clasped her—she gave a wild shriek, and fell,—fluttering with emotion, I sank to the earth.

“ ‘ When Madame disappeared, all attention was directed to me, who it was supposed had fainted—my sensibility for the fate of my patroness was the laud of every tongue ; and when I recovered, and saw the house consumed, and heard what was said in my praise, I wept bitterly, and my tears were ascribed to a sense of the loss I had sustained.

“ ‘ The dreadful fate of my benefactress inspired my hidden bosom with the most exquisite anguish ; but when I thought of her limbs sottering in the eager flames, it was as if I quaffed some delicious acid. The sight of fire lost half the delight it had formerly given, and I could not but acknowledge to myself, that the zest so relishing before had become more racy, from the moment that the shriek of Madame Freidlenberg reached my heart with the pungent effusion of a blessing.

“ ‘ In consequence of the dismal accident, and the grief I was supposed to have manifested, her family were induced to receive me under their protection, and I was accordingly taken

forward to Vienna, where they resided, and domesticated in the house of Count Drivalstein, the brother of her to whom I owed so much.

“ ‘ For several years my strange instinct remained, while in that household, as it were, in a state of abeyance. I made, however, surprising progress in my education, but my excellence lay chiefly in the intellectual faculties. I sung well, certainly, but not so transcendently, as in other respects I was superior. The famous Haydn, when he examined me on my musical proficiency, expressed his amazement at my knowledge of the various inflexions of the art, but was more moderate in his eulogium when questioned as to the quality of my voice.

“ ‘ Not to enlarge, however, on this topic, as you are only interested in hearing of my peculiar endowment, I shall abstain from speaking of my accomplishments, which have but served to sharpen the pains of my present situation. It is wonderful that I should think of them with regret, and yet feel no remorse, but only the

remembrance of enjoyment when I meditate on my unaccountable propensity to delight in fires, and to draw the keenest rapture from the most fatal. But so it has ever been—I cannot extinguish my appetite. I confess myself unfit for the community of men: obnoxious to the laws of society, I yet experience no sentiment of guilt.

“ ‘ When I had passed my thirteenth year, and was still in the household of Count Drivalstein, I began at intervals, but not strongly, to have a wish again to witness a dangerous burning. The brilliant lamp and the husbanded fire, were to me undoubtedly always objects of pleasure, and sometimes affected me like pleasing melodies ; but, unless I beheld something like passion in them, and the growing vehemence of peril, they did not rouse me into that state of delightful excitement which the rage of fire made so inexplicable.

“ ‘ By this time, though I could not disguise to myself that I had a strange enjoyment in the

pernicious lustre and the revels of flame, my judgment had yet become so ripened that I perceived the danger of indulging the passion, and accordingly controlled those seductive emotions which occasionally glowed on my heart like emanations of sunshine. For several years I held the appetite in control ; I found, however, that, although it was subdued, it was not quenched ; on the contrary, it grew stronger with my strength, and frequently blazed up with a degree of vigour that required all my watchfulness to restrain.

“ ‘ Sometimes I wept bitterly in secret, when I remembered the innate malice of my predilections ; and, as I advanced in life, I noticed the influence of viands, and endeavoured to regulate myself accordingly. I shut my eyes when I sometimes beheld the fascination of torches and flambeaux riant at galas ; and I never walked on the western side of the city with any companions in the afternoon, so much was I molested by the dazzle, or, as it seemed to me,

the silent laughter of the setting sun, in the reflection of the windows; but wherever I moved I could not repress my sense of revelry in light. It was, however, always in fires that I experienced the intensest joy; and the appearance of danger heightened the flavour of the pleasure.

“ ‘ But I cannot convey to you any right notion of what I felt during a thunder-storm : I used to seclude myself alone in my bed room, and, opening the window, gaze at the flashing of the lightning, and even roll on the floor in transports at the sight.

“ ‘ The disease, or rather the inheritance, grew upon me, and acquired such a strange predominance, that I could not discern the existence of beauty unanimated with light : even when severest in my virtue, it seemed to me that men were only worthy of love in proportion to the brilliancy of their eyes the masculine physiognomy, and the athletic form, had no allurements for me.

“ ‘ Undoubtedly, there was insanity at the bottom of my occasional frenzy, but by no symptom was the malady visible. I concealed from all the enthusiasm of my fire-worship, though I could not from myself. At last an accident made the propensity ungovernable, and from that crisis my doom was sealed; I could not afterwards equivocate with destiny—I could only prevent myself from being remarkable to the world.

“ ‘ The Count Drivalstein had a chateau some five or six leagues distant from Vienna, to which, in the summer, he was in the custom of moving the family, and inviting to that retirement the friends whose company he most preferred. Among these, during the last season I resided at the Berg, as it was called, a learned doctor from Padua came to see him, and was engaged to spend the month of September at the Castle. This doctor is now better known to the literati as Professor Concetti, and few are more distinguished for the

skill with which they have detected the visible developments of the cranium.

“ I did not see him on the day of his arrival, for, although treated with the utmost kindness, I was not allowed to rank myself with the family, and therefore associated with the gentlemen in attendance on the Countess. This arrangement was not disagreeable—it allowed me more freedom than I should otherwise have enjoyed in my leisure; and, for the most part, my time was spent in innocent perambulations amidst the woodland scenery which surrounded the Berg. These solitary rambles were congenial to my humour, which was always pensively inclined; I delighted to see the dew sparkling on the grass, the gaiety of the flowers with which the sward was enamelled, and the star-like twinkling of the leaves on the trees. An aspen stood at the end of a terrace, and I never could, in a still evening, contemplate it enough; when all the air was as crystal, the leaves of that tree delighted me with their

motion—each seemed an ember rejoicing in the setting sun.

“ ‘ On the day after Dr. Concetti arrived at the Castle, I was taking my usual walk in the environs, and he met me alone ; he started at the sight, and contemplated me with awe, mingled with admiration, and then, with respectful submission, entreated that I would allow him to pass his fingers over my head, for he had never seen, as he said, before, a brow so constructed, or any thing that resembled these rare inflations which you see above my temples.

“ ‘ His manners were those of a sedate professor ; he spoke with the choicest phraseology, and his demeanour, without being either courteous or elegant, was in the highest degree refined.

“ ‘ I untied my bonnet at his request, and gently stooping, said that he was welcome to examine the head he thought so singular.

“ ‘ He came forward, and, with a mild but inquiring air, felt all the protuberances, de-

claring that, in many parts, organs of great talent were developed, but that the two extraordinary phenomena of the forehead baffled his skill.

“ ‘ I have seen,’ said he, ‘ the heads of many of the most erudite and accomplished characters in Europe, and perhaps have detected even greater intellectual indications than some of yours ; but these mysterious dilations are new to me, nor do I know the faculties which they indicate.’

“ ‘ When he had completed the scrutiny, we walked towards the Castle, discoursing on various subjects, in the course of which he frequently expressed his surprise at the originality and beauty of the remarks which escaped from me. On entering the hall, however, we necessarily parted ; he went towards the Count’s library, and I ascended to my own room.

“ ‘ About an hour after this interview, a servant summoned me to attend our lord, and, on entering the library, I found him in discourse with

the learned doctor. On seeing me come in, the Count requested me to take a seat, and began by observing, that his friend Concetti had been just telling him of the surprise he had felt in the examination of my head, particularly in witnessing the extraordinary conformation of my temples.

“ ‘I have been informing him,’ said the Count, ‘that you are certainly possessed of uncommon ability, but that I have never remarked about you any peculiar taste or course of action, and I have told him how sincerely you were affected by the deplorable death of my sister, your benefactress. The indices of all this intelligence and sensibility, he informs me, are very distinctly developed, and that few of the most eminent men in Europe exhibit such traits of intellectuality; but, except in your extraordinary forehead, he can trace no sign of a rare faculty, and therefore concludes that these two flat spheres above your temples are

evidences of the peculiar genius with which you are possessed.'

" 'To this affable address I could make no other reply than by modestly saying that I was not aware of inheriting from nature any superior endowment.

" 'Have you never,' said Dr. Concetti, 'felt yourself enticed, as it were, into one course of actions more than another?'

" 'Immediately my delight in witnessing the destruction of edifices by fire, flashed upon my mind; but I had self-possession enough to reply in the negative. That was the first untruth of which I had been guilty, nor was I aware before, that there was any lurking offence in the desire which I so often endeavoured to repress.

" 'Ah,' said the Doctor to the Count, 'her answer proves nothing, it only shows that she has not yet been placed in such circumstances as to call forth her latent energies.—Young woman,' said he, turning round to me, 'the

shape of your skull is very marvellous, and though you may have never yet experienced the promptings of the rare organization of your head, the time may arrive when you will be no longer able to resist them, the signs are so conspicuous.'

“ ‘ After some further philosophical investigations, I was allowed to depart, and I returned to my own room greatly affected by what had passed ; nor could I then longer equivocate with myself that I had received a capacity to derive pleasure from the progress of fires ; and I said, ‘ in what can this be wrong ? the propensity does not originate with me ; it is a spontaneous gift, and I cannot imagine in what can consists the evil to which it prompts.’ Yet I did not like to find myself such an isolated being, different from all the human race, and prone to find enjoyments in spectacles destructive of happiness.

“ ‘ But the agitation of the moment soon subsided, and for several days I did not happen to

fall in with Dr. Concetti. On the second week, however, after his arrival, the inmates were alarmed, at the midnight-hour, by the cry of fire in the apartments of the lower domestics, at a distance from the wing of the Castle in which my abode was situated.

“ ‘ No evidence was requisite to prove that I could have had any hand in kindling the calamity ; but, strange enough, the Doctor came to me in the alarm, and, for what reason I know not, attached himself to me all the time of the conflagration. Oppressed with his remarks at the interview with the Count, I endeavoured to look at the burning towers with the calmness of an unconcerned spectator, and for some time maintained my composure ; but it came to pass, in this constraint of my natural feelings, the roof of one of the blazing towers fell in—the sparks rose numberless—appogiaturas of light—the flames leaped as it were in joy, exulting in their new-found liberty ; I forgot the reins I had put on my passions, and, in the rapture of

the moment, shouted and clapped my hands with exultation.

“ ‘ Theingenious Doctor was startled at seeing my transports, and, instead of looking at the phantastic fires, his attention was riveted on me.

“ ‘ When, at last, the servants had subdued the burning, we retired to the family apartments; and the doctor walked with me to the hall, silent, and evidently filled with strange fancies, often looking in my flushed visage, but saying nothing.

“ ‘ The following day I did not meet with the doctor, but from my window I observed him walking on the terrace with the Count in serious conversation : whether conscience, or any thing in their manner, suggested the apprehension I cannot tell, but I thought their discourse was of me. It was not till the expiration of some days after that I had any reason to know the truth ; but the observation sharpened my suspicions, and I perceived afterwards a dryness

and solemnity in the behaviour of my lord, and several times I discerned the doctor regarding me with a melancholy interest: at last he went away, and the family returned to Vienna.

“ ‘For some time nothing particular occurred ; but, in a fit of frolic, some of the upper domestics proposed to have their fortunes told by a sybil that was then celebrated in the city, and I was invited to be of the party. Superstition and credulity are not the defects of my character: I went to her house with no other emotion than that of curiosity to witness how a person of such pretensions maintained her ascendancy over the minds of others.

“ ‘The dwelling of the old woman was in the suburbs; a narrow lane conducted to the house, an old and haunted-looking building. On our entrance we were shewn into a parlour, and one by one summoned into the presence of the oracle, who sat alone in another room.

“ ‘Two of the gentlemen who were with me being older were admitted first,—what was said

to them I never heard ; but it must have been agreeable, for they seemed pleased when they reappeared.

“ ‘ During their absence with the prophetess, I had many reflections on the objects of our visit ; but they were all common-place, and awakened no sentiment inconsistent with the freedom I had felt in the adventure : when, however, I was called in to the sanctuary, a sudden tremor fell upon me, and a dread, that was the more awful, as I could give it no name.

“ ‘ With faltering steps I entered the apartment in which she sat in an antique arm-chair before a table, on which lay files of parchment and papers.

“ ‘ By her appearance I could not suppose her younger than threescore and ten ; and, save something peculiar in her dress, she did not appear at first sight much different from other aged women, though there was a sinister cast in the expression of her countenance, and a mystery in her deportment exceedingly impres-

sive;—her features were prominent and meagre. I remember she wore long large silver ear-rings, and her blue piercing eyes denoted cunning and inquisition. The most remarkable thing about her was, as I have said, her dress. She had no cap on her head, but her gray hairs were combed back, and bound with a wreath of black crape. Her neck, partaking of the natural gauntness of her figure, was long and emaciated; instead of a white handkerchief she wore a spotted bandana over her shoulders and bosom, and the remainder of her habiliments consisted of a black gown and a green petticoat.

“ ‘ I was much struck with her appearance ; and as the room was only obscurely lighted by an old-fashioned window, the whole scene partook of something ancient and preternatural. She requested me, courteously, to take a seat, and, looking at me for some time with a degree of severity, inquired whether I had come to laugh at her questions, or did really believe in her art.

“ ‘I was not prepared to meet such a question, but I answered candidly that, when I came into the house, I had no very reverential ideas of her skill, but that at the moment I was impressed with its potency.

“ ‘She made no answer—but nodding, replied, —‘ Nevertheless, I will cast your horoscope, though in doing so I have my doubts if you will believe my predictions.’

“ ‘She then inquired respecting the dates and facts customary in the calculations to which recourse is had on such occasions,—and commenced, afterwards, her computations and researches.

“ ‘I watched her countenance as she proceeded, and, after a few minutes, beheld her pause, and look surprised and puzzled.

“ ‘Another short interval passed; when, lifting her eyes from the paper, she addressed me, and said,—

“ ‘I cannot proceed;—there is something in your destiny which transcends my science.

What I know is derived from compilations formed from the biographies of those that have been ; but for you I have no precedent.'

" ' Her words thrilled through me ; I had yet, however, command enough of myself to inquire what was the aspect of my fortunes ;—
' Is it good or bad ?'

" ' I cannot answer you,' said she, ' because, as I have told you, I have no precedent with which to compare the horoscope ; but if you will not take my word as a prediction of your fate, I will tell you what I think.'

" ' I assured her that I would consider her words as not of any particular import,—nevertheless that she would greatly satisfy my curiosity by being explicit.

" ' Then, looking some time steadily at me, she replied,—' You are the child of mystery :—were I to pronounce upon the signs before me, I would say that you are fated for a dismal end ; and yet there are lights and illuminations mingled with the causes that are totally

irreconcilable to all the tendencies that prelude suffering and disgrace.'

" 'After this she said, with less emphasis, ' It is needless for me to request you to be silent respecting this oracular communication; but I advise you to flee from your present circumstances, and betake yourself to solitude and obscurity.'—With these words she solemnly bowed, and I retired from the room.

" 'On joining the other ladies I felt myself a good deal disturbed, and could ill reply to their raillery. We, however, went home, and I retired to my own chamber to meditate.

" 'I had not long remained in this state, when the Count sent for me, and, after a few dry and hard sentences, he informed me that, as my education was now completed, I should prepare myself to go into the world; adding, that, as I was greatly qualified to undertake the instruction of young ladies, he would advise me to seek the place of a governess in some distinguished family.

“ ‘ His advice was judicious ; but coming to me while in the mood that the fortune-teller had produced, it affected me more than I can describe. However, I retained my self-command sufficiently to express how much I felt myself indebted to his generosity, and to acknowledge that for some time my thoughts had been occupied with the propriety of turning my acquirements to some personal account.

“ ‘ The Count, though an austere philosopher, was a good man, and he was pleased with my answer. ‘ Consider,’ he said, ‘ my house as your home till you can find another, nor will it be any drawback on your fortune to be able to say that in my family you have always enjoyed esteem.’

“ ‘ That same afternoon he informed me that he had heard of a nobleman in the country, who was in quest of a governess for his daughters, and that he thought me in many respects suited for the office.

“ ‘ I rejoiced at the intelligence, and regarded

the qualification in his expression as in some sort just; but the earnest conversation in which I had seen him engaged with the Professor after the fire at the Castle, dawned in my remembrance, and I imagined that it had some effect in moderating his estimate of my attainments. However, not to perplex with unnecessary details, some time after, when the necessary inquiry and arrangements were made, I removed to Lüstras, where Baron Carintz resided, and was installed preceptress to the young ladies.

“Lüstras was a gloomy pile; the newest wing of the buildings had been erected in the reign of the Emperor Maximilian, the predecessor of Charles V.; but the fortunes of the successive owners had been impaired by improvidence and calamities; it stood on a lofty, precipitous rock, and the road to the gate was steep and winding. In former times, a wood of venerable growth had filled the valley in which it was situated; but the necessities of the feudal lords had compelled them to sell the choicest trees. Still a

few remained—rather, however, as monuments of the forest, which had been, than as ornaments of the landscape. The whole place wore the bleakness of decay ; even the old and massy towers, with their cloaks of ivy, were as veterans sitting chilly in the sunshine. The road from the foot of the acclivity, which led down the valley, gradually narrowed into a rude, desultory path, and, all around, Poverty and Antiquity sat pondering together on the future and the past.

“ My pupils were gay and happy girls, who laughed at the stately pride of their father, and wished to quit an abode which his abridged inheritance made comfortless. Often and often they complained of their circumstances—this was, indeed, their daily theme ; and I foresaw that my residence would not be prolonged when their education was complete. Thus, from the hour of my arrival, I was taught to prepare myself for departure, and beheld only images and relics of grandeur that time had heaped up to be consumed.

“ ‘ I had not been many days resident in this cheerless abode, when one of the young ladies, wearying at her lessons for the end of her thrall, said, in a tone half-serious, how much she desired that some benevolent friend would burn the gloomy castle, and compel her haughty father to move into a more populous district.

“ ‘ The words rose from her without motive, but they fell upon my heart—I heard them with emotion, and felt as it were a glow suffused over all my frame—I tried but could not forget them, and I found myself at unawares thinking how the mouldering rafters would burn. In a word, my ruling passion was roused, and I resolved to free my merry songsters by destroying the cage of their captivity. In this design I was not actuated by malice—my whole feelings were touched with a fine and fond enthusiasm, and I thought only of the happiness that would arise from applying the torch.

“ ‘ At last I could no longer restrain the wish to relieve the amiable prisoners, and to see the

picturesque effect of the burning castle in a night of moonshine and tranquillity ; for it so happened that I enjoyed but stinted felicity when the skies were not calm and cloudless. It was different when Nature, from her mountain-throne, looked complacently on the scene.

“Having contrived to remove my trunks into a vestibule, from which they could be easily carried away, I determined, one serene evening in June, to gratify my strange propensity ; and, accordingly, when all the house had retired to rest, I rose with feline feet, and, with soundless steps, went to a deserted hall where lumber and straw were collected. I forgot, in the self-absorption of the moment, that an investigation would ensue. I applied my candle to the ready pyre, and in an instant the collected combustibles blazed up with great violence, insomuch that the sight shook me with a delicious fear ; but a sense of personal safety induced me to fly back to my own room, and to leave the task of giving the alarm to some other inmate.

“ ‘ In this evasion I had to pass a spacious gallery, at the extremity of which was my chamber. The bed-rooms of the family opened from the one side, but when I entered all was still.

“ ‘ It was a long and echoing apartment, and I had not reached the middle when the self-same maiden for whom I had done the deed, chanced to look out and spoke to me as I passed her door. At the time, I was agitated with the thought of what I had done and the splendour I had seen, and could not reply with equanimity ; but while she held me in talk, the smoke from the burning came rolling into the gallery, and the alarm being in consequence prematurely given, the conflagration was extinguished by the household in the room where it began.

“ ‘ Next morning, the Baron expressing his surprise that the fire should have originated in a room so little frequented, the thoughtless Joan mentioned my nocturnal ramble in the

gallery: a stricter quest was instituted, and it was ascertained that I had complained of the dreariness of the castle, and thereby was supposed to have a motive for wishing it destroyed. I, therefore, was dismissed, and only saved from a public prosecution in consideration of the trouble and expense.

“ ‘ This was my first experience of the pernicious nature of my inclination. I could not return to Count Drivalstein; some consciousness of my guilt withheld me. I was in perplexity, but all my veins throbbed with virtue still. I had no alternative—I resolved to return to the simple dwelling of my father: I did so, and was received with caresses and joy.

“ ‘ For some months the ignominy of my dismissal from Lüstras dwelt in my heart of hearts; it supplanted all other thoughts, and, though not happy, for I was no longer artless, I ceased to think of my infirmity; but I had now tasted the perils and the disparagements of life, and, regardless of the remonstrances of my affec-

tionate parents, declared my intention to again become a blameless country maiden, and to spend my days as such, remote from the world of vanity.

“ ‘ For two or three months after my return home, my conduct was irreproachable to myself; the change from elegance and splendour to squalor and hardship was no doubt irksome, perhaps worse; but those who saw the patience which I resolutely endured, respected me for them with more than common affection. I seemed to myself in a crisis of transmutation; I forgot the latent evil of my nature, and began to think myself destined to accomplish some of those benign behests with which Providence sweetens the lot of the poor: a contrite spirit glowed in my bosom, and all the little talent I possessed was devoted to objects of beneficence.

“ ‘ In this temperate state of feeling my character brightened into lustre among our lowly neighbours; and Carlo Jansin, the schoolmaster of the neighbouring village, a young man of

mild manners and eminent acquirements, heard of me, and of my resolution to abide by a homely country life.

“ ‘One Sunday morning he came to my father’s cottage at an early hour, and having obtained the assent of the old man to address me, laid open his humble circumstances, and offered to share them with me. His proposal was recommended by many agreeable inducements ; and, among others, he proposed that, as my education had been greatly superior to the sphere I had chosen, it would improve our circumstances to give it a fit direction. This he thought might be done to the advantage of the neighbouring peasants, by elevating the character of his school ; and suggested that while his attention should be exclusively directed to the instruction of boys, I should share in the tasks of tuition, by undertaking to teach the female children ; and so, between us, gradually raise the next generation into a higher state of intelligence.

“ ‘ His proposal fascinated my imagination—it breathed of goodness, and possessed many allurements pleasing to the reveries in which I then indulged. In due time we were married ; I removed to his house in the village, and, having made a few necessary arrangements, was installed empress of my feminine dominion.

“ ‘ For some time our days passed without trouble—clear and unsullied: we thought only of our duty to the rising generation, and of mitigating to each other the little asperities of our humble lot. At last I felt myself destined to become a mother, and the thought excited some apprehension; for the two schools were under one roof, and the noise of them rendered it often unpleasant. I communicated my fears of the turbulence to my mother, and it was affectionately arranged that, before the fullness of my time, I should remove for quiet to her dwelling. It did not appear to any one that there was aught in this little scheme deserving of remark, but I was moved to pro-

pose it by what I felt at the time—a strange impulse; for, it ought to have occurred to me that I would have only to suspend for a few days my little school, to obtain at home all the peace and ease I required. Besides this, however, which proceeded from an anxiety that seemed natural, I felt at times in my reflections a strange wish to behold again the growth and progeny of fire; I could not say that it at first amounted to a steady sentiment, but, as my time drew near, it began to take the form of desire, and when I removed into my mother's care it amounted to the energy of passion.

“ ‘At length my time arrived, and I became the mother of a daughter—the first sight of which awoke in me a new and fond feeling. I experienced the fastening of a new tie to this world, and cannot describe to you my altered and felicitous condition.

“ ‘The apartment in which I was confined was in the back part of the cottage, but, as the window looked upon the highway, it was ne-

cessary to come round to the front of the house to obtain admission ; thus it happened that a considerable time necessarily elapsed before those who passed the window could reach the portal. I mention this circumstance particularly, because I think it was not made sufficiently obvious at my trial.

“ ‘ One night, the third after the birth, I was so well that my mother raised me from the bed and seated me by the fire—she took a seat opposite, with the infant on her knee. I had rarely beheld a sight that inspired me with greater pleasure: the two dearest objects to me, my mother and my child, were before me, and innumerable tender sentiments rose as I contemplated them; but, in this juncture, the old, affectionate parent, fatigued by her cares, dropped asleep. I looked at her and at the child, basking, as it were, in the glow of the fire ; and, while I looked, a sudden shoot of my inexplicable propensity flashed upon my mind ; it seemed as if the most exquisite enjoyment could

be obtained; and, accordingly, I stooped, and, with a hand fluttering with impatience, grasped one of the living splinters of the fire.’—

“At this moment,” said the Professor, “I could hear no more: the details of what ensued were given in evidence at the trial by her afflicted husband, who at the moment, passing the house, was attracted by a light to look in at the window before mentioned; I, therefore, leave to the reader to supply what I cannot relate: but I told Charlotte Jansin to proceed no further with the hideous details, especially as I had seen the obelisk erected where the house stood, and the inscription that recorded her appalling crime.

“As I spoke to her, she gave a meek smile, and said:—

“‘How little do judges and men in authority know of the eccentricities in which the human heart sometimes indulges! They have sentenced me,’ she added with terrific composure, ‘to be consumed with fire at the stake, disre-

garding the character of my fatal organization. The cold waves of the ocean might, to me, have possessed the means of punishment, but the idea of the stake animates me with inconceivable delight; and I look forward to the dreadful execution, that, perhaps, as society is constituted, I justly merit, with something of a high and rapturous delight.' "

REMARKS.

THE preceding paper, though in the shape of a tale, is yet intended to exhibit, what I conceive to be, the pernicious morality which may be deduced from the doctrines of the craniologists. It is clear that if man have innate propensities, which are indicated by his conformation, it is contrary to all sound philosophy to consider him as a responsible being. Until some explanation is, therefore, given on this head, the science of craniology must be regarded as im-

pious ; and the conclusions to which it may lead as equally dangerous, especially as society, both in structure and belief, is at present constituted.

The same thing may be apparently alleged of predestination ;—but it should be recollected that a belief in it is accompanied with faith in the separate existence of a soul capable of controuling the actions of the body, and endowed with a faculty to discern abstract principles. Craniology, as I understand it, is allied to materialism ; and a man must be prepared to surrender all idea of the soul being a separate existence, before he can be in a condition to enter upon the study of it.

I have thought it necessary to give my conceptions of this *amusement* here, because I have several times seen, that my drift in some of my attempts in fiction have not been generally understood ; and because I think many things may be taught by tales and parables that are not agreeable

when reasoned with as dogmas of philosophy. Of this kind is the foregoing narrative ; and, perhaps, some of the extravagances which are obvious in the construction may not be regarded as so absurd, when it is known what the author had in view when he wrote it.

THE HOROSCOPE.

* * * * I had arranged with Madame B—— and the other ladies to take with them the first watch after midnight; and, accordingly, we met in the anti-chamber a few minutes before one, the hour appointed. The occasion made us all particularly solemn; the stillness of the house, our melancholy duty, the rank of the illustrious dead, her amiable character and extraordinary fortunes—all combined to influence the mourning which every one felt like oppression on her heart.

When the great clock in the court-yard knelled the solitary hour, those in the chamber where the body was laid out came slowly forth

and retired without speaking. We entered it immediately after, and seated ourselves in silence. The spectacle of the chamber was sublime: darkness and light were mingled, and the presence of death awed every spirit.

The walls were hung with black, and black tapers in silver sconces diffused a mystical light, as if the very radiance partook of the sadness which every object was calculated to inspire.

In the centre of the room stood the imperial cenotaph, on which lay the body under a magnificent canopy of intertwisted draperies of purple and gold. A richly embroidered coverlet, adorned with funereal symbols, displayed the escutcheons and armorial ensigns of the deceased; and, at the height of nearly five feet from the floor lay the still clay of Her Majesty shrouded in white satin, revealing the awful outlines of her once sacred form. On each side of the cenotaph stood three stupendous lights, which only served to make the solemn darkness visible.

For some time after we had taken our seats, tears flowed, and frequent sighs told how much all were affected. Not a word was spoken—even the very air was pervaded with sorrow.

Our grief, however, could not always endure; and when the violence of what we felt had in some degree subsided, we gradually began, in low and whispering voices, to advert to those qualities of grace and goodness by which our departed mistress had been distinguished. This kind of mournful discourse lasted some time, till, in the end, Madame B—— was the sole speaker, all the other ladies listening to her recitals with anguish and sorrow.

From an early age Madame B—— had been the special attendant of the Empress, and had been honoured with her particular confidence. She had witnessed the dawn of the imperial rising, had enjoyed its meridian glory, and beheld its fall. No one, of all the six ladies then engaged in that vigil, more keenly deplored its sudden, unforeseen ruin, amidst a crash of

disasters unparelled in the history of the world.

“But,” said Madame, “it has not altogether been unforeseen, though the advent has been in its aspect so different from the prognostication, that we knew not the event in its coming, nor, until it was past and contemplated, from behind.

“You have all, I dare say, heard that her horoscope was cast by a negro woman while still a child, one who could not possibly have discerned by aught in nature the vicissitudes to which she was doomed. In all points the principal predictions have been fulfilled. The tale is partly true ; but rumour, like the echo in the silent solitude of an Alpine scene, is more impressive than the original sound, and appals with a peal of resoundings.

“It happened that, on her father’s estate, among the negroes was a female of a singular character, who had been brought from the coast of Africa, and snatched from the arms of a youth to whom but a few days before, accord-

ing to the customs of her tribe, she had been married. It was, indeed, said that she was seized during the wedding festivals, and that the bridegroom was slain in a vain attempt to rescue her from slavery. Certain it is, she could never be consoled, and continued to lament her fate with the tears of widowhood, disappointment, and mourning.

“ Some vague tale prevailed among the other negroes that she had been the daughter of a high priest, and had inherited from her father many relics of traditionary knowledge and methods of primeval science that had been lost and forgotten to the children of men. Her countrymen regarded her with awe and homage. They came to her but at stated times, and brought to her the choicest products of their grounds, and the rarest gifts they could obtain, which they laid with humility at her feet, and retired aloof, while she examined them with solicitude, signifying by signs if she deemed them worthy of her acceptance, thereby implying

that she felt herself entitled to the tribute. Happy were they whose tribute was received with approbation !

“ But the appearance of Yaninah was more impressive than even the mysterious seclusion in which she lived. Her figure, in those days in which I knew her, was tall, serious, and majestic. On her head she wore a white turban, which dismally contrasted with her black complexion. Her garments were formed in ample folds, that indicated how little she had been accustomed to toil in a warm climate, and it was observed that, although she scrupulously performed all the tasks for her master, she never yet condescended for herself to undertake any menial office. The voluntary service of those who had been brought from the same region of Africa prevented her from the necessity of labour, and their attendance was with solemnity and unbroken grief.

“ She had one daughter born after she had been several months on the estate. The child

older perhaps a year than the Empress, by whom, as a playmate, she was often invited to the plantation-house ; but she seemed even from childhood to participate in the inexplicable grandeur of her solitary mother, with whom often, at the rising and setting of the sun, she was seen in the rites of an undivulged religion.

“ It happened that this child died, and the ceremonies which ensued more strikingly demonstrated the importance attached by the negroes to the mother than even the awe and sympathy with which, though a slave, she was served.

“ For a wide space in front of Yaninah’s dwelling they spread their garments on the ground, and having strewed them with leaves and flowers, plucked all at once as the sun disappeared, they sat in a row round the spot with their hands folded on their bosoms, interchanging not a sound. Yaninah, in the meanwhile, was on the threshold, and before her, covered with green branches, lay the remains of the child.

“ The spectacle was awful, and, as all the household went to see the sight, I took my little charge also when I went.

“ For some time she looked on without emotion ; but when the night was closed in around, and a few torches threw a glare on the scene, she became agitated, and, bursting into tears and lamentations, compelled me to bring her away.

“ Some few months after, it was determined to send Mademoiselle for her education to Europe, and I was appointed to take care of her. Places were taken for us in a ship bound to Havre, and we went with several attendants to embark in a boat which waited for us at the beach. In walking to the shore we had occasion to pass the hut in which Yaninah resided. In going along, Mademoiselle, with the light-heartedness of a child, ran in to take leave of Yaninah. She was not long absent ; but when she returned I observed a thoughtfulness in her manner that induced me to inquire the cause.

“ ‘ Oh, nothing,’ said she ; ‘ but Yaninah was very sad, and looked at me in a fearful manner. What could be the matter ?’ ”

“ I made no reply, for by this time we were near the spot where the boat lay. It was at a low, flat, sandy beach, and the water at that time being calm, left a considerable bare margin between the grass and the sea. While the luggage was being put on board, one of the negroes, who was in attendance, happened to look behind, and, in a tone of awe, said Yaninah was coming. I looked round, and, at the distance of some fifty yards, beheld her approach.

“ Her appearance at that time was very magnificent, if I may say so ; for she came with slow and stately steps, as if charged with the response of an oracle. Seeing me look round, she lifted her hand on high, and without halting or speaking, made me, by some strange sympathy, understand that she wished us not to embark till she had reached the shore.

“ Her air and manner made the same impression on the whole party, and every one invo-

luntarily stepped aside as she advanced, leaving a considerable space open for her on the sand. Mademoiselle went forward in this arena to meet her, but, without noticing the child, she came straight forward with the same solemn and majestic air. We stood in expectation of something extraordinary ; when she stopped, and looking at the child, stooped and traced a number of hieroglyphical figures on the sand. As she proceeded, her mien underwent various modifications.

“At first she appeared calm and mild ; and as she traced the signs, her demeanour evinced the enjoyment of a temperate satisfaction ; but, as she proceeded, her agitation became manifest, and for some time she continued singularly pensive, which still, as she proceeded, became more animated, till at last she seemed to dilate with imaginations of grandeur ; ultimately, pausing in her task, she lifted her head and smiled with serene, inexpressible joy on the wondering child, as if she enjoyed some foretaste of triumph.

“ She then resumed her mystical inscription, and I observed that again her demeanour underwent another change ; she became thoughtful, sinking gradually into sadness. At last, unable to control her grief, she burst into tears, and clasped the astonished child in her arms.

“ The paroxysm did not last long ; she dashed away her sorrow, and again began to write. When, presently, with a sybilline air, she again seemed to discern, in the arrangement of the hieroglyphics, some extraordinary prognostication, and with a look that betokened a kind of sublime gladness, she again paused in her task.

“ Presently a change fell on her appearance ; she seemed agitated and disturbed—her whole air was that of a person in impassioned perplexity : gleams of sorrow, mingled with an air of greatness, lent at once dignity and alarm to her look. She then drew a human form on the sand, and rising erect, went away with the same magnificence of mien she had come towards us.

“ When she had retired, we all gathered round the spot where she had been writing on the ground, looking at the inscription, without, however, being able to understand what it signified. In this dilemma, I happened to observe that one of the negroes who had come with us, and who it was supposed, came from the same part of Africa as Yaninah, looking very grave, and perusing, if I may use the expression, her symbolical hieroglyphics, with an air of concern. I inquired of him if he understood the signs ; but he returned no answer. Continuing to regard them with attention, he made us understand that the writing was of the future days of Mademoiselle.

“ Feeling a kind of awe on hearing this, partly occasioned by the oracular air with which Yaninah had inscribed the sand, I requested him to interpret what the writing predicted.

“ He came round to where the prophetess had been standing, and with a hollow and oppressive voice, while we all stood around,

attempted, with solemn gestures, to explain the meaning of the symbols on the sand.

“ We could, however, make nothing out of his explanation ; but it was to this effect :—

“ ‘ Mademoiselle shall go over the big blue waters, to a country of ripe fruits and cheerful faces ; and being there beloved of a youth, she shall make him her husband, and become a mother. That youth shall not be for life her husband ; he shall die, and leave her with her two children ; and, in this condition, Fate will take her by the hand, and lead her to another man, great and stupendous, whose head is among the stars, and of whom I cannot speak, for I see him not !

“ ‘ This stupendous man shall become her husband, and she shall be his wife ; and yet it shall not be for the life of either. Earth will be shaken, blood will flow, and all around shall be darkness and trouble ; but after that night there will be morning, and she will be like the sun, rising brighter and brighter ; and being

joined in fate to the terrible man, she shall be adorned by the sunshine, and the stars of power shall hide their light at the glory of her splendour ; around her will be gathered the worshippers of men, and her fame, as an odour of the fragrant flower, will fill all the air ! None shall live in such brightness, but it is as the brightness of the moon, that hath not a radiance of her own, but only reflects the light of the sun !

“ He paused, looking up in my face, and pointing to another part of the horoscope, tears suddenly flowed from his eyes, and he was shaken with solemn emotion.

“ In the course of three or four minutes his agitation abated, and, looking down at the pregnant symbols, pointed to them with his finger.

“ ‘ That figure denotes,’ said he, ‘ the moon’s full. Her round can hold no more ; all the fortunes which preceded it have attained completion : the fruit is ripe, and must, from the

era, of which this is the sign, be seized with decay. Her light hereafter will grow dim, and she shines on the summit of her course: yet even here, the bounty of fate shall soften the hearts of the world; and the eyes that follow her descending will wonder with sadness, as if reluctant to learn that, like all things on this mortal earth, she was doomed to perish. But she will not fall—the lustre will but be changed. Her greatness will take a new form, and she will become more glorious by misfortune—as the sable stone, that shines as its blackness is increased.’

“Some alteration in the tone of his voice gave an assurance of consolation, but he looked towards Mademoiselle, and added—

“ ‘The end of all is near. She is doomed to die; though she rules not the destinies of those around, she is the type and sign, and with her exaltation they are ordained to mourn!’

“Then giving a wild, and terrific, and hollow shout, he rose from his knees, and extending his arm, cried—

“ ‘ The vision of her time shall pass away into a remembrance !’

“ Of this rapture we could read nothing. Something, however, in the procession of her fortunes, seemed to disclose the hidden meaning of the horoscope; and it thus happened that often, when the world thought her fate most unclouded, the tear unseen showed that the prediction of Yaninah was recollected with awe and anxiety.”

When Madame B—— had concluded, one of the ladies remarked that, undoubtedly, the tale was sad and mystical, and differed in many particulars from the version she had heard of the same story, but in all essentials it bore a wild and shadowy resemblance to the fortunes of their deceased mistress; adding, “There is one epoch in your narrative which I do not understand. You have said that her greatness would take a new form, and that she would become more refulgent by misfortune.”

“ That,” replied Madame B——, “ is yet

to be explained. When she consented to be only the second woman in the imperial state, how could her greatness be augmented?" All the other ladies expressed themselves equally incapable of understanding the prophecy. But at this moment the attendant priests, with their censers and chalice, entered the room, and during the requiem our conversation was necessarily interrupted. At the conclusion, and when they had withdrawn, one of the equerries intimated that the ladies must retire for a short time, as the men with the coffin were in attendance. We accordingly withdrew, and when seated in another apartment, the conversation was renewed.

Among the ministering priests was my venerable friend, Father M——, who, observing me among the mourners, and knowing that we must retire while the ceremony of the coffining was performing, came, after the service, to pay his respects to me, in the room into which we had adjourned.

Father M—— was an old man, among whose kindred the sword of the early revolution had fallen with great severity. He was, however, a good and blameless man, of a composed and sincere piety, and delighted in the punctual observance of all those holy rites which were deemed efficacious in restoring the dilapidation of the church.

After discoursing some time on topics becoming the august occasion, I mentioned what Madame B—— had been relating, and how much we were puzzled at a circumstance which the negro had read from the horoscope, concerning the lustre which should shine upon the empress and queen; inquiring how, in his opinion, the enigma of the sybil could be explained.

Father M—— treated the subject more lightly at first, seemingly, than was suitable to the usual gravity of his character, saying, that no doubt it had reference to the christian resignation with which our illustrious mistress had

submitted to the eclipse to her of the imperial splendour. But in a little time he became serious, and said, with an emphasis that made his words impressive,—

“The whole rise and fall of the empire is one of those mysteries in the administration of Providence that baffles the conjectures of man. It is gone as if it had never been—as a flower that blooms for a season, and we can no more tell why it was, than the uses of the turbulence and storm that swept with the besom of destruction. But, as the storm purifies the air, and restores its pristine quality, so hath this terrible commotion dispersed the moral malady that infected all things. There is, undoubtedly, some great purpose served by affording to mankind the example of the magnanimity with which a woman resigned, to procure peace to the world, the two richest and dearest gems to her heart—the possession of grandeur and the object of love. History records many examples of kings, for passion or policy, sacrificing

their consorts; but the voluntary surrender of your royal mistress, of the rights sanctioned by the countenance of religion and of a throne—the most gorgeous on the whole earth—is without example. Heaven bless the precedent! It removed her to itself when the dread purpose of her destiny was fulfilled.”

HERON GLENIE.

IF there were not some controlling power in man, he could not at any period change the tenour of his conduct; and yet nothing is more certain than that many men, and women too, do undergo in their behaviour very extraordinary revolutions, being no more in old age like the beings of their youth than the inert egg is like the flying bird. Religion says, the predominant influence arises from the soul, a separate and independent existence from the body; but it is not our object at present to investigate that mystery—we only propose to sketch a story which curiously illustrates this opinion.

Heron Glenie was the son of respectable

parents in the most orderly and best-conducted of the mechanical classes, and they earnestly strove to fulfil to him their parental duties; but nature had blended with his disposition many strange qualities, with the most deplorable propensities, which checked their best efforts, and which could not but be regarded as innate, and illustrative of the melancholy doctrine of the materialists.

From the earliest dawn of intelligence, even while in arms, he evinced that he enjoyed an afflicting delight in whatever tended to injure others; it could not be said that he was actuated by any mental association in this bias; but the fact, nevertheless, was obvious, and occasioned to his mother unremitted sorrow.

In the little narrative before us, she is represented as stating that, while yet a mere child, the perversity of his character was very remarkable, and though the instances adduced might admit of a different interpretation, it shows at

once the sobriety of her character, and the in-born antipathy to every thing good in him.

“When taken to church,” says the melancholy old woman, “he went for many a day evidently with the greatest reluctance.” At last, a change came suddenly on his earliest boyhood, and his father was so delighted to observe the alacrity with which he grew even solicitous to attend divine service, that he allowed him a halfpenny every Sunday to put into the plate at the church door, in which, according to the custom of Scotland, a collection is weekly made on Sunday for the poor of the parish.

It could not be conceived how one so young should have been so actuated with a desire to relieve the distress of persons unknown, especially as in all things else he was cross-grained and unsatisfactory; however, the old man to foster the only inclination to good that appeared about him, joyfully indulged his youthful charity.

For many months his conduct was really ex-

emplary, for although scarcely higher than the stool, covered with a damask towel, on which stood the plate to receive donations, Heron never failed pleasantly to approach it.

When he had practised this commendable custom for some time, a new elder happened to be chosen into the session, and in his turn superintended the collection at the church door. Mr. Peony was a very sharp man, austere in his dispositions, and naturally a little suspicious; but with him the mind predominated over the body, and he was considered by all a good though severe man.

The first day when Mr. Peony stood by the plate, Heron Glenie, leaving his father, advanced to deposit, as it seemed, his halfpenny as usual; but in an instant the stern elder seized him by the wrist, and shook from his hand two half-pennies, chiding him severely for the theft.

The father and mother were so astonished, that, instead of going into the church, they returned home; for the mother had begun to observe

that the boy had often dainties which he eat alone, and which she never could divine how he obtained the money to buy. The secret, however, was now discovered ; Heron had been in the practice of lifting a halfpenny when he apparently gave his donation, always keeping his own and taking up another.

He was now nearly of an age to be sent to school, more, however, to keep him from mischief than to receive instruction ; but he was scarcely among the other boys, until his propensity to pilfer became apparent. Sometimes he purloined their toys, and was distinguished for an idle inclination. To cure him, the master frequently chastised him severely, and his parents did their utmost, in vain, to convert his sordid habitudes. But he was naturally afraid of the rod, and had recourse to his ingenuity for protection ; accordingly he showed amazing talent in coining plausibilities and lies of excuse, so framed that it was often difficult to detect their fraudulency.

About his eleventh year he became a rabbit-keeper and a pigeon-fancier, and his native criminality assumed a deeper tinge. It was remarked, that although more solitary than other boys, he was yet more adroit in subterfuges, and he was sometimes discovered pilfering money to buy food for his favourites in the winter; and in summer he became bolder, and extended his depredations. If he saw a pigeon of superior beauty, he would lay plans to ensnare it, and if these were not successful, then he had recourse to robbery, and would in the night make the coveted bird his own.

In his twelfth year, it was observed that he became thin, and seemed to have a weakening inclination for his old pastimes. This morbid habit gradually increased, and before he was thirteen years old, he became always so absorbed in thought, that he was no longer the same kind of lad.

In the lassitude, as it may be called, which grew upon him at this period, though there was

a pensive indolence, nearly allied to innocence, he yet appeared at intervals to have his former predilections for odd and nefarious pursuits: there was nothing of contrition in his occasional abstinence from them, the effect was rather the result of a constitutional alteration in himself than a determination arising from a voluntary decision of his own mind.

The change at last became obvious, and his father and mother, who had almost from his very birth foreboded an evil fortune awaiting him, were delighted to observe that he seemed sensible of his disreputable boyhood, and promised to become a respectable man.

But, in one respect, he was still unlike his companions, by seldom associating with them in their sports; on the contrary, he betook himself to sequestered and solitary pastimes.

By the time he had attained his fourteenth year, his complexion had become pale and thoughtful; his conduct was quite blameless, and he who had till that period shown neither

the possession of remorse nor of sensibility, was, as the smitten rock in the wilderness, touched with a sense of benevolence and compassion. The change upon him was, indeed, so great, that it was spoken of as singular among his neighbours ; and his father who, in his wayward years, could imagine no fit trade for him, began actually to think of educating him for a minister of the Gospel.

In this alteration there was no art. The mind, by the vegetable period of life being over, began to vindicate her principles, and to show in this peculiar boy the predominance of the mental and controlling power. But it did not stop here : new and more surprising manifestations were developed, and the character of Heron gradually assumed a mystical consistency ; all his feelings and passions seemed to be actuated with a religious tendency.

How long he continued without an object to interest him in this inexplicable condition is unknown ; but, about the end of his seventeenth

year, while attending the divinity hall of his college, it began to be suspected that the charms of a young lady, who had recently come to reside in the town with her family, had attracted his attention. She was rather older than himself, and was betrothed to another.

How it came ever to be imagined that Heron had imbibed any attachment for the lady, was never ascertained ; but the grounds of the suspicion evinced the curious observation of his class-fellows, and from their comment upon his behaviour, the rumour no doubt originated.

They observed that he went regularly to church, and placed himself in a position from which he could see the young lady. At first it was supposed that the regularity of his attendance was only a consequence of his piety ; but some of the other students at the college frequently met him, walking sedately in the road she frequented, and some of the wilder young men banteringly spoke of him as seen in the night walking before the house in which she resided.

But whatever the grounds were which suggested the belief that he was enamoured, it is certain all about the college heard of his attachment, and spoke of it as something fantastical but sincere.

For some time this worship of the heart, which supplanted his piety, began to be less observable; but an occurrence suddenly revived the suspicion. The minister of the parish invited him one night to supper, and among the other guests was the beautiful betrothed—an incident unexpected, but which gave Heron an opportunity of making her acquaintance.

From that night all tasks of care and study were abandoned; the whole world was to him divided into two parts,—where she was, and where she was not.

It happened, however, that the odour of his early life, though much evaporated, still hung about him, and, independently of her betrothment, the lady shrunk from his acquaintance. This caused him to redouble his assiduity, but his ardour increased her dislike, until it became

aversion, and she had often recourse to stratagems to avoid his importunate assiduity.

At last the gentleman to whom she was engaged claimed her hand ; they were married, and she considered herself relieved from Heron's addresses. With him, however, there was no abatement of passion ; but his conduct underwent another transformation : inasmuch as he had been distinguished for purity and piety, he became reckless, and in many respects seemed to his friends again unbridling all his passions. The fit, however, did not last long ; he suddenly fell into melancholy, shunned the haunts of men, and took a strange delight in books of mystical devotion. Sometimes he was seen lying in a meditative posture on the table-tombstones of a neighbouring church-yard ; but the spot which he most delighted to frequent was the margin of a rill where the water leaped over a little linn, and continued with a constant murmuring that produced a monotony of the mind, which if not sad, was nearly allied to melancholy.

While in this state of despondency, he suddenly disappeared ; no trace of him could be obtained, and it was supposed that he had roamed away into a far country, because his body could not be found. Years of lamentation were passed by his mother, and his sorrowful father, in regretting his loss, often mentioned the unaccountable changes and eccentricities of his youth. In the mean time, the lady of his love became the mother of a family and Heron was gradually forgotten.

When her eldest son grew up, he made choice of the profession of arms, and joined his regiment in the island of Sicily about the year 1809.

In his appearance, this young man strikingly resembled his mother, his hair being of a light flaxen colour, and his eyes of a brilliant azure—a combination not very extraordinary, but in this case particularly striking by the tint of the hair and the brilliancy of his eyes.

One day, soon after the arrival of the young

man in Messina, he obtained leave of absence, with several other officers, to visit the curiosities of Mount *Ætna*, for which purpose they set out in two leticas. The first night they passed at Toarmini, and having viewed the picturesque environs and the remains of the ancient city, they proceeded towards Catania, expecting to reach it in the evening ; but the skies became overcast, and a heavy rain coming on, obliged them to take shelter in Mascali, a village in the viny region of *Ætna*—their sojourn at which, occasioned the singular adventure which we have to relate.

At Mascali, after being housed in the Locanda, they were prevented, by the wetness of the weather, from stirring abroad, which increased their chagrin, and was the cause of making them resolve to avail themselves of the first dry hour ; accordingly, the rain having subsided about midnight, between one and two o'clock in the morning they were ready for the road, on which they had not proceeded far, when they

beheld a very singular phenomenon in the heavens. Before any symptoms of the dawn appeared in the east, a strange, ghastly lighted cloud, as it may be described, appeared high on the right. The stars around it shone brilliant in the depths of the azure, but something like a vague vapour seemed to lie between it and the earth ; yet the pale phosphoric light which shone from the cloud was so strong, that they could see by it almost the hours on their watches, although all the skies but a patch behind the apparitional phantasm were obscured by a haze. It was, however, only the reflection of the mountain-top ; but they lost so much time in surmising and conjecturing what it was, that when the real morning broke behind them, and the scoria of the Cyclopiàn furnaces appeared on all sides, they saw they could not reach Catania in time to ascend the volcano from that side, without hazarding the loss of a longer period than they could well spare. Accordingly, they determined to scale the mountain at once, hav-

ing learnt from their guide that they might do so by a path which led to a Capuchin convent little frequented by travellers.

The information of the guide excited the spirit of enterprise among them, and since they could not reach the magnificent Catania, they resolved to indemnify themselves for the disappointment by exploring the dreary region.

After quitting the vineyards, the view, as they paused to look back, extended with a gentle slope to the sea, but was in the highest degree luxuriant. The rich and fertile country of the Terraforte lay beneath them, glittering with villages; every object, bathed in the recent rain, seemed refreshed and green; and, afar on the distant Mediterranean, they beheld a vessel with white latin sails, steering, as they conjectured, for Malta. The view was, indeed, such as they had never beheld, and the contrast, when they turned round, was equally striking.

In front the mountain rose to a stupendous altitude, steeper than in any other quarter, and

appeared to rise, caped with snow, out of a chestnut forest, as if it had been alone the majestic monarch of the landscape. The recent courses of the lava chiefly, however, attracted their attention; and, instead of that molten appearance which they expected, they saw only a rough and rugged precipitation of black, naked rocks, and a forbidding prospect of stones, which no effort of the fancy could ever have imagined had once been fluent. In several places large trees stood out from the midst of the lava, which, in its fluid state, had curled up against them as a running stream on impediments.

Having some time amused themselves in looking at the various local peculiarities, they were carried forward to the monastery—a lonely, waste edifice, of no unreasonable magnitude, with a small chapel at one end, the semicircular gable of which was surmounted by a cross. The brotherhood received them hospitably, and set before them for breakfast the best fare which the monastery afforded.

While sitting at table, the friars severally came in and looked at them—some lingered in the refectory—others only decently glanced at them, and immediately withdrew. There was one, however, among the number, that sat down opposite to the son of our heroine, and gazed at him without speaking—nor did this taciturn personage address himself to any of the brotherhood, but continued to look at the young officer with a kind of mystical sadness.

The monk was not an old man in point of years, but his appearance had something about it more interesting than age, and his beard was preternaturally grey. Unlike the other friars, his face was extremely meagre; his protuberant cheek-bones betokened that he was not a native of the island, and his eyes were of that Celtic colour which is so often met with in Scotland.

The party of young officers was overawed by the presence of the father; but the object of his particular scrutiny felt his regard rather annoying, and in consequence proposed, when they

had finished their meal, to visit the chapel; but, in rising, the monk also rose, and wherever they went he followed in silence.

In going into the church they found a bier before the high altar, and before it the body of a friar, who had died in the course of the night, laid out in his canonicals. After looking at the spectacle some time, the vigilant friar standing apart, three of the party moved away to look at other objects, while our young friend, in expectation that the friar would follow them, lingered beside the corpse; but, instead of going, however, with the others, the friar came towards him, and, with a broad Scottish accent, inquired if he knew a lady, naming his mother.

Astonished at the voice and question, the officer replied insensibly, that so was his mother called; on which the friar hastily withdrew, and was no more seen all the time the officers staid.

Instead of mentioning this occurrence to his companions, the young officer was so surprised that it acted upon him with the efficacy of a spell,

and it was not till next day, when descending from the crater of *Ætna*, that he spoke of the circumstance at all, and not till one of the party remarked that he seemed thoughtful, inquiring the cause. Nothing, however, but the strangeness of the friar's conduct and question could be mentioned, but for some time it gave rise to many conjectures; these in time deviated into other topics, and when the monastery was again reached, the conversation was entirely changed. At the monastery, however, they inquired for the brother; but he was then taking his solitary evening stroll, and would not return, they were told, for some time.

Being tired by their ascent to the crater, they were early, at their own request, conducted to separate cells for the night, and, falling asleep, were for several hours entranced in the most profound repose. Soon after midnight the young gentleman was disturbed by a rustle near his couch, and, looking up, beheld the inexplicable friar bending over him, with a lamp

in one hand and a knife gleaming in the other.

With a wild alacrity the officer started up away from the seeming assassin, who, in the instant, uttering a wild and demoniacal scream, fell over the bed, by which the lamp was extinguished. An alarm was soon, however, given—and from every direction the brotherhood, with lights in their hands, came rushing; but, on examining the enigmatical friar, he was found dead.

This curious occurrence was much spoken of when it happened; but, like many other topics, it was soon forgotten. Some years, however, after, the young lieutenant told it in his mother's presence; and she related the strange character of her lover, and the manner in which he had disappeared, as if she believed the mysterious capuchin was the same odd and wayward young man.

THE MAGOS.

IN those days when the silent city of Patria, in Stoney Arabia, was crowded with a murmuring multitude of inhabitants, and all the various luxuries of different soils and climates, Albiram was then a goodly young man ; he inherited from his father a rich patrimony, from which he made a liberal expenditure, in bringing books from Egypt, and the mystical nations of the East, so that his renown for knowledge was as a delicious perfume spread far and wide ; and, in consequence, though but in his youth, he was every where spoken of as one who maintained a special communion with the genii of wisdom.

It came to pass, however, that he began to grow weary of his studies, and to doubt if the constancy with which he perused his volumes was all the duty he had to perform in the world; he saw other men around him busy with pursuits, and only tasting occasionally of the cup of pleasure, and he thought of what value might be set upon his learning, when old age dimmed his power, or the angel of death had removed him to paradise.

One afternoon, when the sun shone with unusual fervour, and all the children of nature were oppressed with the languor of heat, this doubt came to him with renewed importunity; it was, indeed, the only thing that seemed to derive energy from the universal drowsiness with which the whole earth was weighed down: his books were in consequence neglected, and he abandoned himself to reveries of indolence and repose.

It had been the practice of this young man to expect, at two hours after sun-set, Adilboo to set

a lamp on his table, and one of his books which he had been reading open before it; if his master were rapt in thought, or his eyelids closed with meditative slumbers, Adilboo knew that he was enjoined not to disturb him, but to perform his tasks softly, and then glide away as noiseless as a shadow.

In the course of that sultry day, when even to read was a labour, and the draughts of knowledge afforded no cooling, Albiram reflected on his profitless condition, and sat alone in the twilight of his study, dreamily thinking of his fruitless lot in the world, and wondering to what it could tend.

In this situation he beheld a youth, whom he had never seen before, enter into the shaded light of his chamber, and say to him "Arise, Albiram; the Great Magos of the mountains has come into the city, with the keys of the future, and unlocks to those who desire it the destinies of mortal men."

Pleased with this address, so much in unison

with his own thoughts, Albiram rose and followed the youth, who conducted him to the apartment where the Magos was sitting ; and then, with downcast eyes, modestly withdrew.

The Magos of the mountains was an old man, dressed in white raiment, trimmed with crimson and gold ; on his head he wore a cap formed of precious stones, set in meshes of silver, and his beard was hoary and flowing ; his limbs were naked, but his feet were bound with red sandals ; and his mien, composed and venerable, reminded Albiram of the forms in which the awful superiors of man, descended from the pre-Adamites, are supposed to assume. Of this sublime being Albiram had read in his inscrutable volumes, which recorded many wonderful things concerning his lore, and the occult sciences, which he had acquired from time immemorial. It was recorded in the oldest chronicles that Magos was a being of unknown antiquity, and that in the lapse of years he had acquired a knowledge of wonderful things—he could read the stars that indi-

cated the fortunes of men; and, by the flowers of the earth and the plants of the field. he could foretel the dearth or the abundance of harvests. The fortunes of men were familiar to him, and by their looks he could prophesy of their adventures.

The room in which the Magos was sitting was spacious, and the walls were ornamented with hieroglyphics of gold, illuminated with a strange light, which sparkled from them without flame; before him stood, covered with a curtain, a large mirror, at each side of which two attendant genii held aloft, without speaking, lamps of crystal, burning with odoriferous naphthali of ravishing fragrance.

On hearing Albiram enter, the Magos mutely turned his head towards him; the young man bowed three times as he approached, and when he was come near to the Magos he halted.

“By my tablets,” said the old man, “I have been apprised of a visitor, who would learn his destiny, and I doubt not you are he.”

Albiram made a lowly reverence in token of his errand, awed by the calm manner in which the Magos spoke, and by an indescribable grandeur in his appearance, which forbade all freedom, while it inspired confidence.

“Come hither,” said the venerable being, “and sit on this throne, and tell me what thou seest.”

At these words, Albiram went forward, and placed himself on the throne opposite the concealed mirror: in the same instant the hieroglyphics dimmed into darkness, and the two genii with the lamps disappeared, while the curtain which covered the mirror was drawn aside by some invisible power; the room, however, was lighted by a blaze which came from the objects that were seen within the glass; for, to the surprise of Albiram, he beheld other objects than the reflection of those around him, and saw within the glass a scene of strange forms, among which he beheld another mirror standing in the midst of those mystical effigies that occupied the magical hall.

“What do'st thou see?” said the Magos aloud, in a calm, benignant voice.

Albiram described to him the phantoms which he saw in the mirror, and particularly that other mirror in the midst of them, in which nothing was represented.

“It is the emblem of human life,” said the Magos; “look again, and tell me what thou seest.”

Albiram saw the mirror grow dim, and ultimately black; then he beheld a young infant gradually developed on the surface to manhood, and he started on beholding that the image was like himself.

“What do'st thou see now?” said the Magos.

“That which makes my blood run cold—it is an image of myself.”

“Thou sayest right: it is,” replied the Magos, “the emblem of thee; and what will now ensue is thy destiny. Be firm, for I know not what it is to be.”

At these words a cold wind chilled the face of Albiram, and with a sacred horror he cast his eyes forward to the mirror.

"Tell me what thou seest?" said the Magos, solemnly.

"I behold," replied Albiram, "within the phantom-glass, only the hands and feet, and skirts of a shape, that my fancy would call a woman."

"It is the form of Wisdom," said the Magos, "the symbols of thy education to this hour, and shows that as yet thou hast but obtained the rudiments of knowledge."

The mirror then became dim, and the Magos, with trembling accents, bade him look again, and tell him what he saw.

"I see," replied Albiram, after a short time, and with returning self-possession, "only the same hands and feet, and skirts of garments; but the figure is brighter, and more of it is visible."

“Enough,” said the Magos; “thy youth is now past—thou hast seen it. Look again, and tell me in what shape thy destiny appears.”

Albiram obeyed the Magos; but, instead of the portions of the female figure he had previously witnessed, he saw the form of a man, and, upon inspection, he bore a resemblance to himself, but he was older and graver.

“What do'st thou see?” cried the Magos; and Albiram answered by describing the figure and the resemblance, and added that he supposed it was himself.

“Thou art right,” said the Magos, “it is thee. And now thou must prepare thyself to behold something which will give thee note of what shall be the tenour of thy riper years.”

At that moment the incantation within the mirror seemed to move forward; but they suddenly stopped and he beheld, within the visionary glass, the same female figure that he had seen

before, still brighter, but still incomplete : a shadow covered the face, and here and there were many flakes of obscurity over the body.

Albiram described the apparitional apocalypse, and the Magos replied, "As thy youth has been, so will be thy manhood—thou wilt still be in pursuit of wisdom, and all else in thy life will be a phantasma."

Albiram then said to the Magos, "if this monotony awaits me, I need look to know no more."

"It is," said the Magos, "according to thine own pleasure ; I am here but to show what will come to pass, and may not advise thee."

"It is strange," said the young man, "that I should be of such an enthusiastic temperament, and my life present only one phase ; but I will see it all, since I have come to thee. Continue the spell."

The Magos raised his right hand, as if he invoked some dread being ; and then, in a low and fearful voice, inquired what he saw.

“But an old man,” replied Albiram, “smitten with the ails of age, weak, decrepid, and leaning on his staff.”

“That is thee, thy old age,” said the Magos, hollowly,—“but what do’st thou see now?”

“Still but the same female figure more developed; the shadow which covered her face is withdrawn. She is very beautiful;—does she represent a woman?”

“No,” said the Magos, “it is the emblem of what thou wilt all thy days seek—a knowledge unproductive.”

“Is that, now, all?” said Albiram,—but, in the same moment, the sound as it were of a trumpet scared the silence that was at his ear; and he beheld, where he had seen the beautiful phantom, an open grave, into which, hands, that were unattached to any thing corporeal, lowered into it the solemn effigy of a dead man.

“It is done!” said the Magos, “thou hast seen thy earthly destiny.”

At this moment, Adilboo entered the study of

Albiram with the lamp, and an open book which he placed before the lamp, the light of which glaring on his eyes suddenly awoke the young philosopher from his dream ; and, rubbing his sleepy eyelids, he saw, at the first sentence of the page that was open before him, these words—
“ As thou hast been, so shalt thou be, son of mortal man ! ”

THE STAGE-COACH;
OR,
THE PASTIMES OF A WIDOWER.

FROM the death of my excellent first wife, time hung so heavy on my hands that I was not able to devise any way of wearing it out, but by travelling from one place to another. When the weather was fine, and the roads good, this was not altogether without amusement, especially when, now and then, as sometimes happened, I fell in with interesting fellow-passengers in the stage-coaches, for I preferred that kind of conveyance generally; but, occasionally, in crossing the country, I was constrained to satisfy myself with the solitary consolation of a post-chaise.

By interesting fellow-passengers, I do not exactly mean the intelligent or the facetious, who are, by most people, esteemed the pleasantest sort of coach companions—but those who possess some peculiar quality, which excites solicitude to know more about them than can be learned from their physiognomies or their manners. Thus it has more than once come to pass, that I have derived delight from what others would have regarded as forbidding subjects. On one occasion, passing from Leicester to York, I was so enviably fortunate in this way, that I have always considered the journey as the oasis of the desert of my widowhood.

The interest was awakened by an ugly woman with a sickly, fretful child. There were no other passengers. She was, I conjectured, the better half of a respectable operative—a coarse woman—a huckabuk in many points, both moral and physical; her large hands were red, and indurated with drudgery; and the baby she held on her knee was worthy of its mother—it was the

only living apology that I ever had seen for infanticide. It came yelling and screaming into the coach, and, during all the time we travelled together, scarcely ever sank into a softer mood than a low peevish querulousness, alleviated with shrieks and screeches of rage.

It was impossible to see this woman put her foot on the steps to enter the coach without experiencing a vivid sensation. No aspect or combination of the stars, nor of circumstances, could be more unpromising to a journey undertaken for consolation than her appearance, hushing her noisy and noisome brat. I shall always recollect the phenomenon as most stimulating.

From the moment she had seated herself, not one bland expression escaped from her lips, and she seemed to be totally incapable of one conciliative gesture. I wondered how she ever inveigled a man to be a husband. Never did I see before such a variety of all acrimonies mingled together in one individual; she had all the un-

blest feminine means of making a poor wretch miserable ; her endowments were, indeed, rare ; but their effect was not precisely what a proper assortment of beauty, grace, and amenity, might have produced, and yet there was something about her exquisitely interesting.

During the whole of the first stage, the baby was as malignantly cross as it was possible for any imp of its months to be. To have flung it out of the coach window, and to have had twenty elephants, for horses would have been too light, to trample it into atoms, or rather sparks, for it was all fire—an ignivomous creature—would have been a moderate return for the affliction of its inarticulated maledictions. It was an incomparable pest of its kind ; all my other feelings were absorbed by indignation against it,—never did I behold a specimen so perfect of any kind excepting only its mother.

Sometimes she folded him to her bosom, and attempted to lull him by a discord composed of anger and groans ; at others, she scolded it with

a tongue as fierce and nimble as a licking flame of gas in the open air. "Such a mother !" said I to my distressed self, in soliloquy, " she is a woman that ought not to live."

Her chidings, or rather her spurts of venom, were of no effect ; the young devil screamed, and beat her knees with his feet, as if they had been drum-sticks in the hands of a drum-major, until she became implacable, and, turning up the integuments of its limbs, inflicted her red paws on its seat of honour with penal rapidity. It grew black in the face with agony at this indignity ; but, for some minutes after, it was more calm—a satisfactory proof how early human beings may be corrected by a judicious application of punishment—" Whoso spareth the rod hateth the child."

From that moment I had my own reflections on the whole case ; and I am sure, when I say to the sympathizing reader, that I arrived speedily at the natural conclusion that stage-proprietors

should not, by law, be permitted to admit such incarnated afflictions into their coaches, he will agree that I but utter the universal sentiment of enlightened man. For what increased the enormity of the panel, as the Scottish law would call her, and her *participis criminis* of a whelp, was, that no sooner had they accomplished their guilt, than the coach stopped at the door of her own cottage, where they left me alone with my philosophy.

For the remainder of that stage I had only my own thoughts for companions ; but at the inn where we next changed horses, an elderly, stumpy man, with a small odd-shapen mahogany-box in his hand, claimed and obtained admission.

There was something remarkable about this person :—his features were all large, and somehow, not so well put together as to produce an elegant effect. Taking them, however, singly, and examining each, one by one, they were as those of several handsome giants. His head was

too big for his body, although the body had the advantage of a distended ventricle, and was uncommonly long, for, when seated, he appeared to be a tall man ; and yet, standing, I doubt if he measured above five feet two inches, for his legs were ignominiously short, and his feet were broad, flat, and spacious, like those of a goose or other waddling creature, while his arms were as brief as those of a crocodile, and his hands suggested strange fancies of the colossus of Rhodes, Saint Boremeo, and Mount Athos, cut into the effigy of Alexander the Great ; nor was the last association extravagant, for he held a mosaic snuff-box in his right hand, which represented a city on the lid—and on the little finger of his left, wore a ring, adorned with a crystal, which a poetical imagination might have easily dissolved into a river.

For a considerable time after he had taken his seat opposite to me, I studied his figure with inquisitive attention, and certainly it merited the scrutiny ; but I could discover no index to

his profession, save the queer-shaped mahogany box, which I concluded contained some mathematical instrument, and that he was a land-surveyor.

Upon the theory of his being so, I addressed him with many questions of a trigonometrical tendency to ascertain the fact; but he was certainly not of that genus.—This was puzzling. Then he told me how he had won a wager about the height of a glass of brandy-and-water the evening before, with a gentleman who travelled in the cutlery line. “Then,” said I, “you are not in that line yourself?” glancing at his quadrilateral mahogany box; for, by his response, he was evidently also a gentleman of the road. In this my wonted sagacity was visible, for he proved to be a chemical agent, travelling to take orders for several patent preparations, that were efficacious among the country apothecaries.

The bare mention of his business made me shudder: I regarded him as Cholera Morbus moving to and fro. I looked again at his figure,

a dwarfish combination of gigantic parts, and I was awed. "How strange it is," said I to myself, "that there should be such propriety between the purposes and the figures of men! This pestilent fellow is the very type and sicon of idiosyncrasy; so that, what with his figure, calling, and mahogany Pandoric box, I have rarely met with so interesting a personage."— And I found myself mentally quoting Pope, as we travelled together—

"The proper study of mankind is man,"

expecting every moment that some important catastrophe would take place; but the coach again halted as we entered a village, and he left me as innocent of all effect, save in the cogitations his appearance had excited, as if he had not entered the carriage.

"How like," said I, sentimentally, as the door was shut, "is life to a stage-coach—we fall in with those who inspire us with attachments and antipathies, and drop them by the

way, as if they were all venders of maladies." Other reflections, more profound and pertinent to the occasion, might perhaps have arisen ; but just as I was in the middle of my soliloquy—for I was thinking aloud—the door again opened, and the third interesting character, who in that errandless journey hoisted himself in, was an old man, seemingly, by his cut and habiliments, ecclesiastical.

When he had mounted upon the step, and was about to enter, he turned round, and said something to the guard.

"Step you in," replied the man, "and I shall see to it directly."

Accordingly he came in, seated himself, and then, looking round the carriage, sagaciously added—

"It is but a small carriage for four."

Having only hitherto travelled with one other passenger, I was not quite sensible of the justness of this observation, and also looking round, said,—

“ Perhaps it will do for us,—neither are very large.”

“ I like a roomy carriage ;” said he, “ it is at best but a confined place. I often wonder how people could have the patience to endure being so caged.”

“ You ‘ can best judge by your own feelings,’ was my dry response ;—nobody need suffer this confinement who does not choose.”

Very true,” said he ; “ but don’t you think we would be the better of a little fresh air?—with your permission, I shall let down this window :— now, that makes us more comfortable.”

I assented to the propriety of his observation ; then he began to be a little fidgetty,—sometimes looking out at the window, and now and then feeling the pockets.

“ I hope” said he at last, “ that the guard has taken care of our luggage : I wonder where he put mine.”

“ It is all safe, be assured,” was my reply.

“ I hope so,” said he.—“ Have you money in your trunk ?”

I looked at him aghast, wondering why he should put to me so home a question, and somewhat reflecting on its immoral tendency, subjoined,—

“ I imagine, sir, there is no money in your’s.”

“ You are quite right,” said he ; and glancing his eyes out at the window, he remarked,—

“ There is the third mile-stone,—bless me, how fast we have come !—but, as I was observing, money I never do carry in my portmanteau—It is very dangerous if thieves know it.”

“ How should they know it ?”

“ I know not,” said he ; “ but, with your leave, I will pull up the window ;—the wind blows strong, and drops of rain are disagreeable in one’s face.”

“ Your remark is most just,” was my reply ; “ nothing can be more disagreeable than to be subjected to bear a spitting in the face.”

“ His reply bore a remote resemblance to a laugh, such risibility as a skull might indulge in; and he added, “ But if we pull up this window, we may let down that.”

“ As you please, sir ; for, as I have the advantage of a front seat, it makes no difference to me.”

“ Very true, I did not think of that ; — a seat with the back to the horses is always the most comfortable when the wind blows in the face of those on the back seat. With your kind permission, I will go over and sit beside you.”

“ Take your choice,” said I ; “ take any seat you choose, but mine.”

“ You are very polite,—but I am really now more at my ease.—How long do you think it will be before we reach the next stage ?”

“ Really,” was my grave response,—“ I cannot answer that question exactly, never having been this road before.”

“ I should think we are still a full hour off,” said he.

"You know best," said I; "but is it not curious that you should count distances by hours, like the Orientals; but I presume you have been in the East."

"Yes: but not far," was his reply; "I have been to Dudnouse, and once as far as Upandobad."—

I naturally thought of the Mysore, Bengal, and Seringapatam; and, bowing with great deference, remarked that he had the advantage of being a great traveller. He, however, abbreviated my admiration, by observing that he had even been as far as St. Albans.

"What! St. Albans in England?"

"No," was his answer, "St. Albans in Hertfordshire, with an old abbey-church,—a good living, and it stands on the top of a hill.—But don't you think we may pull up this other window?"

"The mention of this question was stingingly provoking; and just as I was on the point of returning a sharp answer—even while the scintil-

lating words were ready to fly from my lips, like sparks formed between the hammer and the anvil—the coach halted, and one of the mildest looking ladies entered that ever eyes set on. The very meekness of her eyelids conveyed tranquillity to the heart, and I was soothed by the gentleness of her whole appearance ;—but when on the point of saying something pleasant and agreeable to her, before the first word of the sentence could get over my lips, the ‘ fiend in black ’ observed to her, that

“ It was raw cold weather.”

“ Very,” said she, “ otherwise I should not have brought this thick shawl with me.—It is not my own, but aunt’s, and she says not a cough can penetrate it, which is a most comfortable thing ; for a thin shawl, in my own opinion, always makes a cold colder.”

“ Mon Dieu !” ejaculated I to myself ; “ this is the worst of the two.”

“ Pray, Ma’am,” said the reverend Doctor, “ how far may you be going ?”

“To Dowley’s-craig-foot!” said she. “I hope we shall get there in good time.”

“I hope so too,” was my reply.

“Bless me,” cried the clerical gentleman, “the road is monstrous bad, two miles on this side—I hope we shan’t be overturned.”

“You don’t think so!” said she.

“If the night be dark—the days are short—and we have not the best of drivers, who can say what will happen? But Eggeswold Common is a horrid break-neck place; and it is so infested with gypsies.”

“Lud have mercy upon us!” said the lady; “we shall be ruined for ever.”

“We ought to travel with the windows down,” replied our ecclesiastical companion.

“Pull them up,” said I, angrily, by being so often teased.

“We are miles yet from Eggeswold town, and that is long on this side the common,” rejoined the lady.

“Upon my word—excuse me,” said the re-

verend gentleman ; “ but three in so confined a box as a stage-coach is too many. We shall presently be inhaling only the pestiferous breath of each other.”

“ You know best the condition of your’s,” was my indignant observation ;—muttered, however, to myself, that it might not be understood.

At this juncture, the coach reached another inn ; and a man who, in a certain sense, could be no less than St. Paul’s in London, was standing at the door. We were already three, and, except on the lady’s side, had no room to spare.

Our clerical window-lifter looked out, and seeing the stranger’s rotundity, said—

“ That man cannot come here.”

“ He intends it,” was my answer ; and as I said this, the door was opened, and the rotund stranger presented himself for admission.

“ Oh, my eye !” said the clergyman.

“ My feet !” said the lady, with more prospective consideration.

“ My sides ! ” added I with a groan ; for in the same moment the worthy doctor again shifted his seat, and passing to the other side, seated himself by the lady, leaving a very insufficient vacuum for the reception of the man-mountain. However, I, being of the thinner order of mankind, and screwing myself into the smallest possible space, made room for “ the stout gentleman.”

Many seconds we had not been seated, when the coach drove off. The night was now inclement with wet and wind—up went both windows, pulled up by the clergyman ; for the storm blew strong in his face. I thought of the Black Hole of Calcutta—as we endured for some time in silence.

“ The air of this coach is very close,” said the fat man.

“ Gracious ! I am suffocated, and the wet straw in stage-coaches has always a bad smell,” cried the lady.

Fortunately this was at our fat friend’s gate—

the door was opened—he went out, and we went on.

“ Such a man !” said I.

“ Such a monster !” said the lady, fervently.

“ Such an inconvenience !” said the clergyman. “ He is worse than the dead.”

“ We are well rid of him,” said I.

“ He never ought to enter a coach,” said the lady.

“ Your fatties are always short-winded,” added the ecclesiastic.

Both my companions cried out in one voice—

“ Let down the windows !”

Of course it cannot in reason be expected that I should recollect exactly every thing that took place ; but I vow, on the honour of a traveller, that I have set down nothing but what happened during that journey. At last we reached a small gate, which led by a pathway to a house, where the lady was to be deposited. In parting, nothing could be more exciting than the pleasant suavity of her manner.

“ She is a well-bred woman,” said the reverend doctor. “ I always like to fall in with such companions ; she had a bottle of eau de Cologne in her basket.—Pray pull up that near side window.—Such corpulent gentlemen !”

By this time we had reached the stage-house, and as I have a natural aversion to nocturnal travelling, which is only fit for old women on broomsticks, I alighted for the night, and after partaking of the customary supper, consisting of a ham-bone, garnished with parsley, a tongue with the tip and root visibly remaining, hot potatoes, and a stale tart, which on being opened was found in a state of *post-mortem* vegetation, went to bed, and ruminated on the adventures of the day.

THE SEAMSTRESS.

Besides the beautiful inflexions which help to make the idiomatic differences between the languages of Scotland and England, the former possesses many words which have a particular signification of their own, as well as what may be called the local meaning which they derive from the juxta-position in which they may happen to be placed with respect to others. Owing to this peculiarity, the nation has produced, among the lower classes, several poets, who, in the delicate use of phraseology, equal the most refined students of other countries. Indeed, it is the boast of Scotland, that in the ploughman Burns, she has produced one who, in energy of

passion and appropriate expression, has had no superior. No doubt something may be due to the fortunate circumstance of the Scotch possessing the whole range of the English language, as well as their own, by which they enjoy an uncommonly rich vocabulary, and, perhaps, the peculiarity to which we are alluding may have originated in this cause. For example, the English have but the word "industry," to denote that constant patience of labour which belongs equally to rough and moderate tasks ; but the Scots have also "eydency," with its derivatives, descriptive of the same constancy and patience, in employments of a feminine and sedentary kind. We never say a ditcher or a drudger is eydent ; but the spinster at her wheel, or the seamstress at her sewing, are eydent ; and to illustrate a genuine case of industry free from labour, as we conceive eydency to be, we have recourse to a reminiscence of our youth, in itself at once simple, interesting, and pathetic.

THE TALE.

Miss Peggy Pingle lived by herself, on the same flat or floor of an old-fashioned, respectable house, in the royal borough of Stourie. A minister's widow, who had but Sir Harry's fund* for her jointure, occupied the domicile on the other side of the common stair.

Miss Peggy's apartments consisted of a small back chamber, her own room, and a front kitchen, as it must be called from the character of the furniture, though, for the uncarpeted tidiness, it might have been compared to any parlour. The only thing for which it was remarkable was a hospitable-looking roasting-jack, which for many years had been in a state of widowhood, not being called to perform the purposes of its creation for a long period.

* The late excellent and Reverend Sir Harry Moncrieff, who for so many years made the hearts of ministers' widows glad by his judicious superintendence of their pensions.

There was also a dresser, which aspired to the rank of a side-board ; but, like all vulgar things, its original condition could not be disguised by its assumed gentility. It was ornamented with various articles of porcelain, so arranged that handleless pouries endeavoured to conceal the defects of spoutless tea-pots with nippleless lids.

Miss Peggy herself was rather on the go, with small piercing eyes of a light-grey colour ; not particular generous in her attitudes, being habitually inclined to draw her elbows close to her sides—speaking with her lips so drawn together that her dainty words were squeezed into a lisp. She had been in her youth the daughter of a respectable gauger, who had but his pay to live on, and who dying young, left Miss Peggy and her mother in very straitened circumstances, insomuch that the meek and illess maiden had to make the needle her breadwinner, and her mother the spinning-wheel

serve all the purpose of a pacing-horse, as the song sings in "My Jo Janet."

In the course of nature, old Mrs Pingle, who had long been in a peaking and pining way, went out of the world; and Miss Peggy's great eydency to convert her time into a livelihood, began to be observed by her neighbours. Those stirring and full-handed matrons among them, who saw she worked with a smaller candle, and rose earlier after her mother's death, naturally concluded that she had suffered, by the event, some new stinting in her narrow means; and, by a kind-hearted hypocrisy, often invited her to take tea with them, saying, "It need na be a breach in your eydency, so be sure and bring your seam;" and their ramplor children were not less kind to slipping Miss Peggy, whom one of the audacious boys used to call her, and described her as speaking always with a corriander sweetie in her mouth, or the end of the thread with which she had last punctured the eye of her needle.

Day after day was with Miss Pingle as the to-day is like the yesterday—twins could not more resemble each other. The only difference perceptible in her condition was produced by the season. She had heard from her father that, on the 10th of October, fires were lit for the winter in the Excise-office, and extinguished there, for the summer, on the 5th of April, without consulting the weather; and the routine of office was as faithfully observed by the frugal Seamstress, as if it had been ordained, and as unavoidable as the four-and-twenty hours are separated into day and night.

In the coldest days, after the 5th of April, Miss Peggy was seen plying her needle with a blue beak and a pellucid jewel at it; and on the warmest, after the 10th of October, her meagre arms were swaddled with the wonted black worsted mittens. The only irregularity in the pure flow of her rill of life, was from the lengthening and shortening of the days; but she attained at last to such precision on this sub-

ject, that she could foretel on what distant day, hour, and minute, candles should be lighted with the least waste of what she called the convience.

It, therefore, does not require any argument to prove that Miss Peggy was a creature ordained for eydency—not one of those rough and bustling individuals who belong to the industrious class; and the whole trickling current of her obscure sequestered life illustrates this truth.

Her father, as we have mentioned, being restricted to a narrow income, his regular salary, her mother was obliged by all expedient means to make the guinea gild as large a surface as possible. Accordingly, Miss Peggy was brought up in the frugalest economy of pinched gentility; and as her father died young, she was obliged, along with her mother, to maintain as it were the same station with contracted means, or, more properly, with no other means than the most commendable assiduity, namely, the matron constantly at her weary wheel, and our heroine with her unwearied needle.

We make this important distinction between the wheel and the needle, because, although we have often overheard malcontent murmurings against the former, yet we do not recollect, in any one instance, the latter spoken of either with complaint or disparagement.

Miss Peggy Pingle being thus obliged, by what statesmen call the exigences of her position, to be as sedentary as a judge, without a *dies non*, except Sunday, was necessarily not exposed to the temptations of life. She never had leisure for gallanting with persons of her own age. The garrish damsels with whom, in her youth, she might have been expected to associate, were all to her as innocent as daffodils in a parterre; and the young men as the inaccessible rose-trees, that are best and least dangerous when seen afar off. In consequence, she reached nearly the years of discretion unobserved by the male sex—a time of life that all the ladies of our acquaintance, under thirty, say is the years between thirty and forty; we once,

however, heard a dowager of four-score-and-six confess that the rule was not universal, as she had not then reached the happy period. However, without attempting to determine this uncertain point, it came to pass that Miss Peggy reached her thirty-sixth year and upwards. She was, in fact, what they call in the west of Scotland, where they cultivate a peculiar vernacular, a Dumbarton youth, before she had any reason to suspect that she was not in the kingdom of Heaven, or the kirkgate of Irvine, where there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage.

At that period Dominie Loofie found himself in want of a spouse, and having heard it said that, no doubt, Miss Peggy had a sparing, went to her, and declared his ardent passion, one Saturday afternoon. She intreated him, with many endeavours to appear languishing, that he would spare her blushes till Monday night, that she might have time to consult her friends, whether she ought to marry at all, assuring him if they advised her to change her life, there was not

another of the male speshy on whom she would so cordially bestow her hand.

One sees in this transaction all the delicacy of one marked out by destiny to give the world an example of eycency. There was an assurance to the Dominie that, as far as Miss Peggy was herself concerned, there could be no doubt that his suit was highly acceptable; the only thing suspicious lay in the application for the opinion of friends, which was not alarming; who having ever heard that any friend dissuaded a lady rather long kept from endeavouring to fulfil the essential purposes of her creation.

It happened, however, that in this case a difficulty arose, which was not foreseen, and which proved fatal: all Miss Peggy's kith and kin highly approved of the match, and no obstacle was visible, only the minister of the parish being afar off, a cousin advised her to see that "all the law papers anent the matrimony were clear; for at your time of life," said he, "matrimony, Miss Peggy, must be a matter of money; and,

therefore, I advise you to look well to number one."

Miss Peggy, accordingly, at the time appointed, communicated the unanimous opinion of her friends to the schoolmaster, who was delighted at the bliss in prospect, and quoted to her a passage from Ovid's *Art of Love*, in Latin, which the lady justly remarked was most pretty to those who knew the signification. But when she spoke of the settlement, the corners of his mouth fell down, and taking up his hat, he went away, saying, very dryly, that he never could endure a woman who, in such a tender crisis, could think of such a sordid topic. The marriage was accordingly broken off; and Miss Peggy resolved on a life of single-blessedness, often declaring an admonishment to young widows, overly anxious to make themselves agreeable, that the masculine gender were perjured wretches, and no woman, but from a sense of duty, would countenance above one in her lifetime.

After the perjury of Dominie Loofie, Miss Peggy Pingle was the most exemplary of her sex. At first she deemed it advisable, being so crossed in love, to take to her bed ; but, even in the most dolorous posture, her eydency was conspicuous. When any of the neighbours came in to solace her, and to speak of the great trial she had come through, she could only mope in a melancholy manner, patching her discourse with appropriate texts of Scripture ; but, when left alone, the time sometimes hung heavy on her hands, and, to lighten the wings of its flight, she had a seam at the end of her pillow, next the wall, with which she amused herself, as young ladies of quality are said to do, by playing sentimental airs on lute or harp, when they have cause to be in the same disconsolate condition ; which, to be sure, is not often, especially if they have plenty of money.

When a decorous space of time had elapsed, Miss Peggy resumed her seat and seam at the window, and although she had met with, as she

confessed to many occasional visitors, what would stick to her heart for the term of her life, it was not required that she should go about, making a moan of widowhood, though the needle was really ordained to be her breadwinner.

It is true, that corrupt human nature sometimes got the better of resignation ; and Miss Peggy, in her endeavours to forget the false-hearted Dominie, began, as she grew older, to accept invitations to share the ploys and pastimes of young parties ; but, at them all, she ever plied her thrift, which had grown into a habitude ; for she remembered on such occasions, as she often said herself, the day when she was not always such a staid woman as she then appeared, or had ever seemed since the time of her purloined affections—remarks which she frequently made when she had hardened the ends of her thread in the candle, to make it go through the needle-eye with more agility.

At last Miss Peggy became well stricken in

years, and her legs rheumatized, by which she was obliged to remain at home, especially in the cold, or wet nights of winter ; but her eydency suffered no abatement. In consequence, however, of being necessarily much alone, she acquired a competent knowledge of the phenomena of nature, as they were developed around her. She could tell the character of the weather without, by the dim, bright, or blazy aspect of the spark in her grate, that serve to make the cold more sensible ; and could read the omens which made her penurious candle oracular, in the burning " tow-wicks, dipped in the fat of Pharoah's lean kine," as the huxter, who supplied her, used to say, with a wink, and the special orders of Miss Peggy Pingle.

Sometimes we thought her singularly interesting, and her prognostications from the combustion visible to the naked eye in her grate, were highly so ; but her boding candle often displayed more signs of dread advents about to ensue than make the dismal lights

mystical that enhance the glory about the cenotaphs of dead kings.

“Do you see that spangle upon the wick,” Miss Peggy has said, “burning as clear as the eye of a lighthouse?—that betokens a letter from a far friend; if it kithes bright to you, like the morning star, there will be blithe tidings; but if red and grim, like a collegener’s bowit in a kirk yard, down on your knees and make your shrift to *The Maker*.” If the neglected snuff were become as mushroom-like as the Premier’s wicks at a cabinet dinner, Miss Peggy was sure that a come-to-pass was not far off; and a curl of the grease, as it was turned out or in, was a winding-sheet that foretold the exit of a friend or a foe.

But pyrology was her most especially science: she could divine, when embers were red and yellow, that sailors’ wives, with close-drawn hoods, would restless walk the shore; when bright, that cold-rife lovers would cuddle together; and, when flame broke lambent from the coal that kechling gossips were with secret.

But Miss Peggy was then waxing old ;

“ When the sunset of life gives its mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before ; ”

and, though her needle seemed untired in its speed, she sometimes caught with it the skin of her finger instead of the linen ; and her seams, instead of the spotlessness of former years, were often stained with blood—emblems of coffin-nails and burial sugar biscuits, and of the fulness of time when it was appointed she should be gathered to her fathers ; but, even then, the considerate spirit of eydence was seen.

Well do we recollect the making of her testament ; indeed, though then only in our teens, we were much in the confidence of Miss Peggy, and acted as her chamber council on that occasion.

She had the table set out ; and we attended by appointment. Besides materials for writing, she had prepared divers pieces of paper, of different sizes, to represent the different legacies she intended to bequeath ; and, having seated

herself opposite to us, she gathered them towards her, and began. But, as the making of a will is a very solemn undertaking, before she commenced the dictation her heart filled full, and the tears, for some time, flowed from her eyes ; at last, becoming more composed, she began.

After the usual preamble, which we executed in the most approved fashion, being then a sharp lad in a lawyer's office, she proceeded ; and having, in due course of law, forgiven all her enemies, which, indeed, was soon done, for I never heard she had one ; and, having directed her just debts to be all paid, for she did not owe a farthing, she gave the most particular orders about her funeral ; then, she had recourse to the bits of papers, and from them drew the remembrance of those legacies and testimonies of regard on which she had long meditated. Among them, she bequeathed to us a double bottle with two necks, which she recollected we had admired in her cupboard when a boy.

At the conclusion of the ceremonial, and

when all the papers were exhausted, she gave a deep sigh, and said that it behoved her to make a clau' respecting the residuary legatee; and she appointed Dominie Loofie, as she said tenderly, "for auld lang syne." I did not doubt, as the other bequests were not extravagant, that she had left him a good penny; and, after the interment, he certainly got well on to two pounds.

When the will was made, she placed her domicile in order; and, soon after, took to bed, and departed this life, as she had lived, in the most methodical and quiet manner, her dead clothes being found in one corner of her drawers tied up together, with the will, which we had assisted in framing, pinned in such a manner to the parcel that it could not be missed. The minister himself said at the dirgie, that he did not think that a more preijunct creature had been in the world since the days of Martha mentioned in scripture.

THE ENGLISH GROOM.

INTRODUCTION.

LONG ago it struck me that the tribes of the stable-yard were of a peculiar race, as different and distinct from the commonalty of mankind as sailors are from landmen ; but in what their peculiarity consisted was not so easily ascertained. I found, however, that they were supposed to be more licentious in their morals, and of a grosser class than the generality of servants are so trusted. But I was corrected in this notion when a wider range of view was allowed to me, and I had seen that those among whom “ the painted faces ” may be met with, really, in the impress of human mintage, differ but little

from the "brown mazzards." It then occurred to me that, as no society can exist without the solder of integrity, it would not be a useless study to determine in what the supreme virtues of the stable-yard consisted.

This notion put me on the right scent, and I soon discovered that fidelity and honesty to his master was the *ne plus ultra* of a groom's quality, and that those short, stout integrities that instinctively attach themselves to dogs and horses, have a sort of professional science which it is at least amusing to observe:—for example, they judge of mankind by the animal propensities, and it is astonishing what shrewd remarks they will sometimes make in many cases where a moral philosopher or metaphysician would be puzzled.

The following story is an attempt to develop the character of a gentleman's groom in some of those points in which he least resembles other men; but the picture rather lacks, because it is subdued in its plainness, and because

those who would not venture to question the liveliness and propriety of Shakspeare's clowns and shepherds might see, in my attempts to delineate fairly a singular and useful race, some degree of coarseness that might be avoided, but which it is impossible to make any thing like a portrait without.

THE TALE.

MR. BEAUFORT was an old bachelor, and when young I was often at his house ; for, like the generality of his class, he had great enjoyment in the hilarity of young people, as if he felt a want in having no children of his own. Among his visitors were a Mr. and Mrs. Conway, highly respectable old people, who came generally attended by a groom who had been above forty years in their service, and was considered on the confidential footing of a humble friend both with them and with Mr. Beaufort. Sam, indeed, was a character ; for, with singular natural sagacity, he possessed a droll, dry

humour, that was always shewn in the oddest way possible, united with uncommon prudence and a canine attachment to his master.

Something in the way Mr. Beaufort treated these agreeable guests struck me as particular, and I involuntarily took more than ordinary interest in them.

Mr. Conway had been the fag of Mr. Beaufort at Eton, and the playful intimacy which began at school mellowed, as they grew old, into mutual friendship.

I somehow had learnt that Mr. and Mrs. Conway were each, previous to their felicitous union, married before; that the lady had been very beautiful when young; and the gentleman, in his youth, a great *roué*: Sam was then his servant. I likewise understood that Mr. Conway had inherited his fortune by his mother; and that his only child, a daughter, was the Countess of D——. Save a very superficial knowledge of these general facts, I knew, however, little of their history; but it was im-

possible to know Mr. and Mrs. Conway personally, without being pleased to see that the world contained two beings so happily dovetailed together.

One spring, when they had promised to spend the Easter holidays at the Home, as Mr. Beaufort called his residence, I happened to be there when he received his friend's letter ; and it gave him much pleasure ; for with no other visitors was he ever so facetious and happy.

Without the slightest feeling of curiosity, and merely as it were by accident, observing how much the annual avatar, as he called it, excited him, I chanced to remark that Mr. and Mrs. Conway were certainly very delightful, elderly people.

" Yes," said Mr. Beaufort, " they are, indeed ; and, if you knew more of their history, you would say, also, good. I never heard of such a pair ; and that Sam of their's is a treasure, though so odd and wayward. But I will tell you the whole story ; the early aspect of no

domestic combination could appear more portentous of unhappy results."

The same evening, the old gentleman, after dinner, as we were sitting by ourselves—for I was then grown a young man—brought a number of letters from his library, and said :—

"I cannot entertain you better than with Conway's history. You are aware that he possesses an affluent estate by his mother. He should have had a greater by the death of his father's elder brother, but the baronet married late in life, and had a family of his own, by whom Conway was frustrated of an inheritance, to which he had been brought up with the expectation of succeeding. On hearing of his uncle's marriage, he surprised all his friends by suddenly himself making one of those marriages which the world calls prudent; but I will not anticipate the romance of private life. I have here brought his letters subsequent to the event, persuaded that, even if the incidents were less curious, they would deserve attention for the

peculiar mind and sentiment which they exhibit. I often look at them for that reason alone, and forget they relate to circumstances which came to pass within my own knowledge.

“ The first letter is one written soon after his marriage ;—it contains nothing that, seen by itself, would appear deserving of notice ; but, taken in connection with those which follow, it strikingly exhibits the progress of self-delusion, the workings of passion, and, what I call, the ostrich cunning of a very amiable, yet almost libertine mind, rescued from infatuation by the vigilance and address of honesty, treating man by his mere animal nature. Sam is renowned among his peers for his skill in managing dogs and horses ; but he merits the praise of having discovered how much his master might be broken in by the same usage and training. This is the first letter :—

LETTER I.

WHEN I wrote you last, I was very low in spirits, the unexpected marriage of my uncle, and the prospect, in consequence, of his having an heir of his own, blighted my life. I had no means of improving my condition ; but you have my letter, and know what cause I had for sadness. Times are changed ; I was this morning married.

The fact is, Beaufort, that I saw it was but Chamelion's fare to live longer on hope : I, therefore, gathered in my wishes, and resolved to be for life a moderate man. You will smile at the resolution ; but, after having sustained so many vicissitudes, there was nothing that presented any novelty save the conjugal yoke ; and I can give no other reason for putting it on, but my determination to spend the remainder of my days in tranquillity. My fortune is, no doubt, smaller—much smaller than it might have been, had not my uncle been so prudent late in life ; but, with the settlement old Wilkins has made on my wife, it is enough for all my now sober wishes.

Mrs. Conway—for somehow I can never bring myself to call her by her christian name—is, perhaps, for one like me, a little too tame ; but it

was for that quality I made her the depositary of my happiness. In a word, as the Vicar of Wakefield's lady chose her wedding-gown, I preferred her neither for beauty nor elegance, but the qualities that would be most useful in a family.

We are waiting for a chaise to take us to a watering-place. You will say it would have been better to have had one ready to step into on coming from church. It might have been so, and like myself of old—but I am no longer the same man; I have devoted myself to a noiseless tenour, and in the sequestered vale to which I have now retired, calmness and moderation are suitable. But I must conclude; my object in writing was to tell you of an event a little earlier than the newspapers; and to assure you that, although I have crossed the slough, I remain ever your's, as much as it is possible for a married man to be, who has rigidly estimated his duties,

R. CONWAY.

●

N.B. There is something in the tone of this letter that does not please me. It seems more like the communication of a calamity than of a wedding. But earnestly, dear B——, the voice of the parson is yet ringing in my ears, and the thought

of the claims society has now on me causedateness and solemnity.

“ The style of the epistle,” said I, “ is just what might have been expected from Mr. Conway ; but it is evident that what he thought a prudent marriage, and which as such all his friends approved was more so, in the estimate which the world makes of the items that constitute matrimonial prudence, than in those which are more essential to the happy result of an indissoluble contract.

“ You shall hear,” replied Mr. Beaufort, unfolding another letter ; “ you have certainly made a shrewd remark for your years. I expected to have heard some pretty youthful declamation about the sordid motives which lead many to marry ; but the distinction you have drawn reflects credit on your sagacity. Prudential marriages in the eyes of the world are often the worst assorted to the individuals coupled for life. However, here is the second letter :—

LETTER II.

WHEN not satisfied, I involuntary ever turn to you. It is now thirteen days since I became "a happy man;" no husband can be more attentive than I am; but I did not think it was such a task. My assiduities are not, however, too many for my wife; she takes them all, and would take more if I could give them, which makes me think that I do not love her so entirely as I should; but I endeavour to make up for it by an exertion of the will. An accident, however, to-day has disturbed me.

You know Sam, my groom—a lad of singular natural discernment? He has been long with me, and knows more of my habits when a young man than it is proper the servant of a married master should know; in consequence, I have determined to part with him; and, accordingly, to-day I spoke to him on the subject, but said, that, as I had no other reason for parting with him, he need not be in a hurry to go till he could suit himself with a proper place. Sam looked at first, and for some time, very considerate; and then giving a sedate smile, said, knowingly, that he would take my advice, and not be in a hurry;—upon which, to show I was not in any way displeased with him,

I gave him a guinea, requesting him again to take his own time.

About an hour after this interview, when sitting alone in the drawing-room with the window open, I happened to notice one of Sam's companions coming towards the house, and presently a conversation arose with Sam at the door. After some of the usual sort of jargon which passes between such persons when they meet, the other lad inquired, earnestly why Sam seemed so sad.

"We are now married," said he, imitating my solemnity—a great liberty to take; adding, "and must turn over a new leaf;" then resuming his natural voice, he said, jocularly—"for a time!"

What did the fellow mean? Does he think I am not now in earnest? I was never so much so in all my life.

But Mrs. Conway calls; she requests me to walk with her on the Steine, as the weather is fine. Devil take the Steine, and every thing about Brighton! I am tired of this jog-trot life; however, I will endure all the duties of a good husband, and by-and-by I may become one.

Your's ever,

R. CONWAY.

N.B. Do you think I ought to part with Sam

at once? Really, old servants take very great liberties.

“Ah! Mr. Beaufort,” said I, when he had finished reading, “I see how it is. Your friend, before the honey-moon was half over, began to see that, however convenient many comforts may be in wedded life, something more than the bystanders reckon is wanted to make a prudent marriage.”

“Don’t be clever too soon,” replied Mr. Beaufort: “Conway, though now in age so cheerful and temperate in all things, you will recollect had just come off the clover pasture of youthful freedom. The bounding gaiety and proud curvetings to which he had been accustomed, were suddenly restrained, and he was put in harness before due trials had tamed or disciplined the influence of his keep. It is, however, very obvious that, although he says nothing of the cause, he yet felt the yoke, and that those about him, judging from his past

conduct, apprehended that the fit of Benedict would not last long. But to proceed :—

LETTER III.

PEOPLE may say what they please, but this is a very stupid place, and the worst of it is, my wife will not take a walk without me. Between ourselves, the conjugal yoke is not named bad enough ; for, although a whole week and three days and nights, besides *aujourd'hui*, are to run of my honey-moon, I begin almost to be tired of feeding upon sweets ; moreover, I suspect that marriage is a devilish take in. I can assure you, women are very different before and after the ceremony. Perhaps you don't understand me, and that it is not very prudent to say so ; but wives, let me tell you, are no jokes. No sooner are they irrevocably united to you, than they cease to sacrifice to the Graces, and do such things before husbands which, done before the wedding, would give us pause, and tend to increase the superabundance of old maids. —My dear Beaufort, we see but the outside of the sex when we see them fairest.

Yesterday, I met your old fag, Montague ; the fellow has been so far left to himself as to get

married, too. He has come here, also, "to grow a weary of the sun" for a few days after the calamity; but he was always naturally a marrying man, Sam says—for at college he wore mended boots.

Montague inquired after my wife.—My wife!—I don't like that word. Mrs. Conway is much better; there is methinks more freedom in the sound. I heard Sam say to her maid, that she wasn't a Mrs. Conway—for we had done with them sort of ladies. Montague, however, asked for my wife, and proposed to make his acquainted with her. It seems I was manacled on the preceding week, and therefore mine must call first. To what new etiquettes this moral state subjects a man, who has any right notion of personal liberty! Accordingly, *we*—that is, the two are one flesh—make our overtures to-day. I am sorry for it, because Montague is one of your confounded *debonnaire* fellows, that make all one does seem like extravagances. But whatever I may have been, I am a libertine no longer. I have another objection to becoming too intimate with Montague—he has a large fortune, with which, since my foolish uncle has taken it into his head to marry, I have no hope of ever being blessed with; and, as the considerate head of a house, I must abstain from my old footing with persons of his caste. However, it is right to keep up a kind of acquaintance

who

with him—he may hereafter be of use to my sons.—Sons!—You see what it is to have the chance of a family; such constant cares! Never would the thought have entered my head, had I not been spliced, as the old admiral says. But it is looking long forward, not being sure that a vessel is yet on the stocks.

Your's,

R. CONWAY.

“Your eccentric old chum, Mr. Beaufort,” said I, “begins to interest me. I would like his epistle better, however, if he told you more of the good qualities of his wife than the galling he suffers from what you call the harness. I could not have imagined the Mr. Conway whom I have seen could have been the writer of that letter.”

“And had you known him before,” said the old gentleman, “you would not have been surprised. He spent his time as if he could not squander it fast enough; light, rattling, and roving, a man would as soon have taken the hammer to beat quicksilver into a shape, as to

have spoken to him of forming any kind of prudential resolution."

"But did the domestic fit last long?"

"You shall hear," replied my friend. "The next letter deserves attention:—"

LETTER IV.

Brighton.

I BEGIN to suspect I have been rash. I ought not to have married so hastily, but I was so disappointed by my uncle's fatal fondness, that I knew not what to do. And yet I cannot see wherein I have done wrong. Bred to no business, counting on a great inheritance, and frustrated in my hopes, I had no other alternative but shooting myself. I preferred, however, marriage—the worst of the two, as Sam said of Sir Godfrey's fall, when the Baronet broke the leg of his horse, and fractured his own skull, of which he but died.

Alas! Beaufort, this levity is put on; I am, in truth, much disconcerted with myself. I could not in my circumstances, have done better than take a wife. Indeed, I know not how I came to act so wisely.* Mrs. Conway is the best of women; sometimes I catch myself wishing she had more faults. How is this? Do you, who are a curious

intellectualist, think it proceeds from a latent wish to be able to justify, or extenuate some undivulged imprudence? With any other man she would be happier; and yet she says, often and often, very tenderly, that with no other could she be so content. It would seem that, in spite of myself, I have some quality which forces me to acknowledge, as it were unconsciously, that I am not worthy of her love.—Love!—I fear, I fear that feeling is not reciprocal. This, on my part, has been too prudent a marriage.

Ever your's,

R. CONWAY.

N. B. I had almost forgot to say we went to Montague's. Lucky he is—there is no way of accounting for the distribution of fortune's favour but by luck. Blest with a plentiful heritage, he has made the most charming woman his own; and yet there is nothing about the fellow that seems to entitle him to this pre-eminence.

“I don't much like that postscript, Mr. Beaufort,” said I; “nor, indeed, the whole letter—an evil spirit was busy with him. I could not have supposed that Conway would ever

have penned such selfish garbage." The old gentleman made no remark ; but proceeded to read the next of the series :—

LETTER V.

Brighton.

You were never more mistaken—I really had no object in view when I wrote the postscript ; but I could not be insensible to the difference between Montague's wife and my own, nor can I see that there was any thing amiss in acknowledging the decided excellence of his. Just on concluding my letter, I recollected having in the preceding told you of our intention to call on Mrs. Montague, and I naturally thought you would like to hear something of her. However, I will not equivocate with you ; and, therefore, will not conceal that Montague is the most fortunate of men. Pray tell me how he has deserved to have such a wife ; or what ancestral curse is upon me, that my lot should be so very different. In saying this, I do not mean to disparage Mrs. Conway ; on the contrary, every day shows more and more that she is a very superior person. I wish she was less so—and I cannot tell you why ; but she is not like Mrs. Montague ; and yet, if you would ask me seriously which is the best wife, I might be compelled to acknowledge my

own. However, according to the proverb—"Comparisons are odious," and I will abstain from saying any more on this subject.

Mrs. Conway was highly pleased with the beauty and talent of Mrs. Montague. They have become friends, as the word now signifies—daily visitors; but I think in this she has not been so prudent as usual. I am a married man, and should not now see too many of the lady's good qualities; besides, she is what O—— calls so d—d virtuous, that she makes me blush somehow in just looking at her. But, my dear Beaufort, as I have nothing else to say, I am saying too much about Montague's wife. All I intended was to remark, that I think we shall become very intimate, notwithstanding his fortune is so much *plus* mine. Should we be, I am not to blame; the ladies have taken with each other, and it would be quite churlish in me to interfere. However, by the next post I will write to you again, for I am interrupted.

"Mr. Beaufort," I exclaimed, seriously, as he folded the letter, "did Mr. Conway, whom I know, write that? It betrays symptoms of an unprincipled mind. I could not have imagined that so cheerful a man was capable of thinking such diabolical thoughts."

“Nor I,” said he, “till I received it; hitherto I had seen Conway only actuated by gay or generous feelings, but this letter taught me to view him in a new light. I had known him for years, a gay and prankful school-boy. I read it often, and it is impossible to describe how much I was affected; but before I could tell him so, I received another letter, that only rankled the wound which that shaft had inflicted. It was this:—”

LETTER VI.

Brighton.

I INTENDED in my last to mention that we will remain here at least a month; so, if you can find time, come and see us. When I say a month, I mean any indefinite period longer than four weeks, because we have taken our lodgings for that period. Small matters, you know, must be considered by married men, and I shall save something by taking the apartments for four weeks rather than by a week at a time. My chief inducement, however, was in consequence of hearing that the Montagues intend to stay that time. They have certainly dissipated the *ennui* of the place. Every day I envy

him his choice more and more. It is inconceivable with what art, and yet in the simplest manner, Mrs. Montague fascinates attention. Of her extreme beauty I could say a great deal, but these things are past now. It will not look well to see a married man so particular about the appearance of a friend's wife ; and, in truth, between ourselves, I am less interested by her beauty than by her accomplishments. She does every thing so well that nothing seems wanting, and yet with a graceful ease, as if even difficult things gave her no trouble. He is certainly a complete proof of the existence of good fortune. I don't believe, had I searched the whole world, that my fate would have taken me to the dwelling where he found her,—and of all things, her name is Mary. You know what a partiality I have for that name, and it so happens that Mrs. Conway's is the most rugged congregation of consonants that ever was uttered—it is all hard and tuneless. I never liked before to use her Christian name, and it is now become quite offensive. Now, why, my dear Beaufort, should I make use of that word ; I am not in love with Montague's wife, though I think you, who are so suspicious, will suspect me from saying so much about her. You were never more mistaken. I cannot, however, be insensible to her merits, and certainly do

endeavour to see them only, and to think not of her personal endowments. Between ourselves, as the best proof that my regard does not extend beyond friendship, I am sorry to say I regret she should have fallen in with such an oaf as Montague. The man is well enough; he eats and drinks, and goes about like other men; but to have such a jewel in his possession, and to be so careless, is too bad.

Pray, when are you coming to see us? Come next Saturday, and, if you like, you may return on Monday. But why Saturday? come any day—only come! That is all at present.

Your's truly,

R. CONWAY.

“ This letter,” continued Mr. Beaufort, “ filled me with inexpressible anguish. I knew the strong and impetuous passions of Conway, and, it could no longer be denied, that he was fatally fascinated with Mrs. Montague. Only one thing in it gave me a ray of pleasure,—he pressed me to come to him, seemingly as he wished to see me on any other subject than that which lay nearest his heart; but I knew the

stratagems that love often plays with his votaries. In the invitation I saw but an artifice to hide a distrust of himself. Conscious of his weakness, I suspected he only wished me near him ; with this impression, I resolved to lose no time, and, accordingly, went by the coach the same night.

“ As I arrived in the grey of the morning, it was too early to call on him ; and, in consequence, went to bed. Being fatigued with my nocturnal journey, and exhausted by having been late with a party the preceding evening, I happened to fall into a profound sleep. When I awoke, the day was so far advanced, that I was obliged to breakfast in my inn. At last, however, I got to his lodgings.

“ Some presentiment that I should not find him at home, affected me as I laid my hand on the knocker ; nevertheless, I knocked, and it was as I had unaccountably feared. The door was opened by Sam, who informed me that his master had gone to Mr. Montague’s ; and there

was a pregnancy in the looks of the lad in saying this that interested me; especially when he said, in a suppressed voice, with an emphatic look,—

“ ‘ I am glad to see you, sir.’

“ ‘ Why ?’

“ ‘ Step down under the cliff, and I will come to you immediately ;—my lady is not well.’

“ My knowledge of Sam, convinced me he had some important communication to make,” resumed Mr. Beaufort, “ and I immediately walked down on the shingle under the cliff, where he soon after joined me, saying,—

“ ‘ This is a bad job !—he’s now a married man, and yet I fear he’s at his old tricks again.’

“ ‘ What do you mean, Sam ?’

“ ‘ Why, sir, master is so gallavanting with that there Mrs. Montague, that he don’t mind our own Missis no more than a ha’porth ; and Montague is such a one-eyed fellow that he don’t see no danger at all.’

“ ‘Well, Sam, this is sad news;—but how did you learn what you have been telling?’

“ ‘I see’d it with my own eyes; and, if Montague’s wife didn’t know he was a married man, she would be ruinated at a canter; for, she cannot see him without thinking her booby a gander. Then, we tell such lies.’

“ ‘Sam! lies?’

“ ‘I don’t mean true lies; only himself from himself would stand such a thing, and he’s the only one he would do it to; but it chafes me worse than our loss last year at the Darby, to see him running them rigs.’

“ ‘Oh, you only mean he deceives himself.’

“ ‘Ay, just so; and he thinks nobody sees how it is. But, I am glad you have come.’

“ ‘What can I do?—he is so headstrong.’

“ ‘Take him away; for, by so doing, you will know what sort of a love it is. If it’s that stable-yard licking of the chops, it will cool when he is absent; but, if it’s tender-hearted-

ness, why, he being married, it's bitter bad. How will he raise the wind to pay damages, now that Sir Thomas has been such an old fool as to marry?"

"I knew the lad's devoted fidelity to his master, and, while I could not refrain from smiling," said Mr. Beaufort, "at the conclusion to which he jumped, I was really affected by the unconscious proof he was giving of his attachment. After some few sentences additional, Sam said, 'Now, you know all—and I am so glad you have come, you can't think. But get him out of the slough, that's all; so I wish you a good morning;' and, taking off his hat, went away.

"Though what Sam had told me," continued Mr. Beaufort, "was no more than I had myself suspected, yet the state of the case seemed more imminent; and, knowing Conway's ingenuous nature, I resolved to deal openly with him. Accordingly, after walking a short way on the

shore, I returned to the top of the cliff, where I soon met him coming from Montague's. He seemed a little embarrassed as he approached, and had a paper in his hand, which he pocketed rather hastily, as I thought, when he saw me. We met, however, as usual; but, being then brimful of suspicion, I said, apparently with jocularly, 'What is in that paper, Conway, that you seem so anxious to hide?' At first, he blushed; and then, as it were, recovering himself, said, with his wonted frankness,—

“ ‘Why, this married state, instead of making me more sedate, seems to renew my youth. Do you know, I have again turned ballad-monger! I was just calling at Montague's, to show his wife a few verses.’

“ ‘Let me see them,’ said I, seemingly with indifference; but, really, deeply grieved to find he was so far gone as to have reached the rhyming stage. Evidently with some *mauvais honte*, he pulled out the paper, and gave it to me.

‘TO DELIA.’

‘ Oh, gentle Delia, deign to tell
 What is this dear delightful spell,
 That makes my soul in absence see
 No form but thine—but only thee ?

‘ Thee I have met with fond surprise.
 In many a stranger’s bright blue eyes ;
 In many a lovely stranger’s mien,
 All present thee I oft have seen.

‘ When round the social board I sit,
 Where fancy sparkles into wit ;
 Whate’er is polish’d, keen, or gay,
 Reminds me of thy sprightly play.

‘ And if sedater groups I join,
 Their wisdom seems the shade of thine—
 But bring thee present to my heart,
 The sage’s lore, the poet’s art.

Oh, gentle MARY, deign to tell
 What is this dear delightful spell
 That makes my soul in absence see
 No form but thine—but only thee ?’

“ I folded up the paper, and giving it back to him, said, gravely, ‘ This is too ardent for a married man ; and I observe you have committed a little inadvertency—you address some unknown Delia, but you reveal the secret in the

last couplet—her name is Mary.’ His face became all crimson, and he made no answer. ‘Come, come, Conway,’ said I, with more emphasis, ‘this is a foolish affair ; and you must answer me without equivocation—has Mrs. Conway seen this queer balderdash ?’

“ ‘ She was not out of bed,’ said he, evasively, ‘ when I left the house ; but, of course, she will see them.’

“ ‘ Ah, Conway,’ cried I, ‘ this will never do ; you are the dupe of yourself.’

“ ‘ That is what Sam would say, if he durst,’ replied my friend. ‘ By-the-by, Beaufort, don’t you think, now, I should really part with that fellow ? It is not right for married men to keep servants acquainted with their single blessedness. The other morning, he came to me with a spur in his hand, which he was cleaning with a piece of buff leather, to inquire if I did not intend to go to the St. Leger. He really is a curious shrewd lad ; but I fear it is not proper to keep him longer.’

“ ‘ For your own safety, Conway,’ I added, ‘ look at your danger. This attempt to blink a serious business, that only a friend may talk about, is too shallow. But I will be plain—you have formed an unworthy attachment to Montague’s wife.’—He started—‘ but,’ I added, ‘ I must be your conscience in this matter, and if I happen to pinch you a little. recollect our old friendship, and the sincerity of my esteem.’—A slight convulsive emotion disturbed his fine features; for, in those days, he was singularly handsome; and he held out his hand to me without speaking, but with a look, at once of boyish simplicity and manly confidence, that I could with difficulty curb my feelings. Seeing how much I was affected, he said—

“ ‘ My dear Beaufort, I dare not equivocate with you and Heaven, though I may with myself. I fear it is true—that I think more about Montague’s wife than my own;—and taking me by the arm, he said, ‘ I feel my weakness—protect me with your friendship.’

“The habitual quaintness of expression in which he indulged was sometimes pathetic, blending, as it were, humour with sadness, and exciting pity even while lighter feelings were awakened.

“The ice being, however, broken, I felt more freedom in speaking to him than I anticipated. I reminded him how contrary to all the honourable principles he had ever professed was the course into which he was too willingly allowing himself to fall; how the obligations he had, by his marriage, assumed towards society ought to restrain him; and entreated him to think of his new situation.

“He made no defence, but only spoke of his wife in a way that I did not like to hear; as if she had been, in some measure, to blame for the aberration in his affections, which, with his usual candour, he openly acknowledged. I asked him to explain what he meant, but he could not; only he complained that Mrs. Conway did not seem to know that men liked those women

best after marriage that appear to presume least on the freedom which marriage allows. 'Men,' says he, 'court before the wedding, and women should after it. But some women do not know this, and often excite disgust when they expect to rivet affection, especially those who fall into the error of treating their husbands with the revealments which they should reserve for their mothers and sisters.'

"I did not like to hear him in this strain," said Mr. Beaufort, "for I apprehended that there might be some want of tact about the lady with whom he had united himself; particularly when he remarked, that one expects something more than a look in a wife. It is not enough that she knows what is good, and is unexceptionable in all she says; she must be also practical, and by her works show her religion.'

"It was, in fact, with no common sorrow that I began to suspect his passion for Mrs. Montague arose from some secret distaste that he

had taken to the object of his own choice. The idea molested me, and long before we returned from our walk, I saw there was more shrewdness in Sam's distinction as to the nature of the two kinds of love--the animal and the mental--than I had at first imagined; and that very evening, without divulging my reason to any one, I set myself to contrive how best Conway might be allured from Brighton.

“ But the slight indisposition which confined his lady to her room increased, and he had too little leisure to think of Mrs. Montague. It afforded me a good excuse, however, to prolong my stay; and gave me an opportunity, with the assistance of Sam, who became deeply interested in the plot, to plan stratagems to prevent him falling too often in with his temptation. In this the attachment of poor Sam was at once laughable and affecting. Like most of his cloth, he thought the love for a married woman must be of the stable-yard sort, and with unwearied vigilance was ever at his master's

heels wherever he went. His ingenuity in this respect was often, no doubt, absurd, but it was extremely touching—the more so, as he was familiar with his master's delinquencies, and really had not so much antipathy to the nature of the offence he feared, as he desired to preserve Conway's respectability as a married man.

“ In this crisis, the malady of Mrs. Conway increased ; and, in less than six weeks from her marriage, she was gathered to her fathers. So remarkable an occurrence was calculated to awaken public sympathy ; and she died, as every one said, in the midst of the fairest prospects of happiness. I thought otherwise ; and Sam, though he said nothing, was greatly grieved. Such a good kind-hearted fellow excited universal commiseration ; but his sadness was not so much for the dead mistress as the living master ; especially when, after the funeral, he showed no disposition to leave Brighton. In fact though it seems very unfeeling to say so,

the demise of Mrs. Conway was a fortunate event, as far as the happiness, and, I may almost say, the respectability, of her husband was concerned. She had none of the qualities which are requisite in a woman essential to make even a tolerable wife to such a man; for, although she possessed, perhaps, more than common sense to talk with, yet she was totally void of tact; and though her discernment of character was at least as acute as most people, she yet could not see, or entirely neglected to practise, those minor objects of consideration in which the feminine influence lies. However, he was released from the conjugal yoke, though the event occasioned fresh perplexity to the bold and philosophical Sam.

“Soon after the funeral, I persuaded Conway to come with me to London—a measure to which he reluctantly consented. But I was induced by his faithful servant to try the effect of absence; for it was too obvious that his attachment to Mrs. Montague, in spite of all my

remonstrances, was increasing. He lent, indeed, a deaf ear to me, and abandoned himself to the enchanting reveries of passion. In fact, the only chance of saving him from the most disreputable courses seemed to be in the lady herself; for, with singular charms, she possessed uncommon purity of mind, and was richly endowed with that delicate perception of what was agreeable to others, in which his late wife, her equal in many virtues, had been unfortunately so deficient. But in what way her power could be turned to a beneficent result was a puzzle. I was, however, soon relieved by himself. He came to my lodgings one morning, and without preface inquired when I intended to return to London; adding—

“ ‘ I have resolved to go with you. This lingering here is unworthy; I am sensible of my folly; and honour, yea, love itself, urges me to quit the place.’

“ Rejoiced to hear him speak thus, I at

once said that I only waited till he had made up his mind. In a couple of hours I would be ready, if he would come.'

"With this abruptness we returned to town by the stage, leaving Sam to follow with the horses; and he was two days after, during which the manners and behaviour of his master were very interesting; for it really appeared, greatly to my sorrow, that he was not at all so affected by stable-yard love as I had feared; but when aught of Mrs. Montague escaped from him—for he grew very guarded in speaking of her—it was in relation to some grace and intellectual quality; which showed that, if her personal beauty had first awakened his attention, her mental charms constituted the cement of his love.

"This discovery made me less uneasy, as the passion seemed less fraught with one kind of danger than if it had been of a grosser kind; but it was mingled with pain,—for she was married; and his admiration was rendered by those

very qualities, which he most admired in her, the more hopeless.

“While I was in this mood of reflection, Sam came from Brighton with the horses. It was a late hour when he arrived, and, before going to his master, he came to me. I had, however, retired for the night; but he insisted on seeing me, and was shown into my room. Aware of the lad’s peculiar character, I conjectured he had something very particular to say, and, accordingly, ordered him to come in.

“By the grave expression of his countenance, one, at the first glance, would have supposed him deeply affected; but his eyes were bright with gladness, and I saw he had news to communicate.

“‘Well, Sam,’ said I, ‘what has happened?’

“‘Oh!’ cried he, with a kind of suppressed shout, ‘such a providence! we shall all be right yet.’

“‘How?—tell me.’

“‘Why, you see, sir, that there Mon-

tague is —; my eye, who could have thought it !'

“ ‘ What of him ?

“ ‘ Isn't he dead — Isn't he gone to the devil,
Sam ?' ”

“ ‘ Yes, sir ; by the holy poker ! — he went out a fishing, — the boat made a spill of it, and so he was drowned ; which makes the road clear for us.' ”

“ But it is needless to trouble you with more particulars ; it was as Sam said — Montague was drowned ; and, in less than a fortnight from the death of Mrs. Conway, every impediment was removed to the happiness of a man from whose impetuosity there was so much to fear. I need not extend the simple story. In a short time, the widower and the widow were married ; perhaps a pair so made for one another is not within the island ; and Sam, who is treated by them as the chief architect of their happiness, seems to consider them, though he is much younger, and they are now upwards of three score, as his children ; his superior attach-

ment to his master is, however, still very evident. Indeed, it almost seems that he regards his mistress more for the favour with which Conway esteems her than for her own very amiable qualities; for there is about him an indescribable something, so odd and so attached, that it can only be compared to the affection of the dog for its master, blended with a curious knowledge derived from his observations on animal dispositions. Conway himself calls it Sam's natural philosophy."

THE DELUGE.

———“ The earth's grown wicked;
And many signs and portents have proclaimed
A change at hand, and an o'erwhelming doom
To perishable beings.”—

BYRON.

NOAH built the Ark on a lofty promontory, as if to secure it from the Deluge, which had been revealed to him as appointed to destroy the earth. On the one side, a steep cliff overlooked the flourishing margin of a lake; and on the other, shattered in the primeval time for beauty, lay sylvan dells and bowers, opening alluring recesses for delight and repose to the inhabitants of a luxurious city. Afar off hoary mountains were seen, with a view of the placid ocean.

His labours being finished, he sat down and contemplated the arborous landscape glittering in the declining sun, and, with devotional sorrow, thus expressed himself, mournful and alone, as the sound of revelries, softened by distance, rose around, varied with dissonant voices carolling unholy merriment:—

“ How beautiful is the embroidered earth, the ornament and ephod of Omnipotence, so soon to be trampled beneath the tread of Almighty wrath ! Ye far-spreading woods, darkening like shadows over the landscape, sin if you has roused the Avenger, and he comes, alas he comes ! Ye mountains, in shining fellowship with the skies, must ye stoop your bright foreheads beneath the waves, debased for the guilt of man ? But may I indulge unblamed this sadness—thus deprecate the sentence, as if high Heaven could ordain aught that might be recalled ? Thou ever all-embracing air, shall thy blest spirit, with the cold claspings of mute death, quench the pure element of life ; and

light, whose beams are life, reveal only horrors that darkness would hide? My full heart swells with unutterable grief for what awaits the world, but owns the justice of the doom."

As he thus lamented the fate which mankind had provoked, Mahujael came towards him, and beholding him rapt and thoughtful, inquired if any particular signal had yet been manifested of that event for which he had built the mysterious edifice.

Noah did not immediately reply to his question, for he had become inured to the derision of the world, and imagined there was mockery also in the mind of Mahujael. But he related that, in the course of the day, myriads of creatures, hovering in the air, and churming on the earth, had come from all quarters and taken possession of the nests and lairs which by Divine command he had prepared.

Mahujael, astonished at the tidings of this wonderful congregation, stood awed and perplexed for some time, and then told how shep-

herds from the hills, ancient patriarchs, ¹ sacred by unknown prodigies in the aspects of the stars and configurations of the heavenly host, had in their amaze arrived to consult the wise and learned of the city ; but old traditions had no precedents to expound the miracles, and baffled science deplored her ineffectual computations.

“ The shepherds,” said he, “ have witnessed awful cycles rolling into completion, and portentous mutations in the signs of the seasons. The comet, whose fiery visage nightly scatters disasters through the air, begins, they say, to broaden and grow dim ; and the celestial orbs are moving into terrible conjunctions. Men are in great wonderment ; many, infected with boding recitals, shake with apprehensions and inexplicable fears.”

At this moment Noah cast his eyes on the plain of gardens below him, and beheld his three sons, with their wives and their mother, coming hastily from the town. They had heard of the

ed 8 dismal signs, and felt themselves impelled by a
rs ' strange impulse to seek the venerable man.

in When they had related to him their fore-
d bodings, he made no answer, but bade them go
o forward to the Ark.

f- "The evening glory," said he, "fades from
l- the face of things; and the dangerous hours
will be on before the riotous city can be re-
l visited."

Observing that Akah his daughter was not
with them, he pensively inquired wherefore they
had left her behind.

"Omred," replied the mother, "has solicited
her to accompany him to a festival;" and added,
"before the feasting begins, he is to meet the
old and sage at the residence of thy forefather
Methuselah, to hear what that ancient man can
say of the dreadful pageants that nightly glare
in the skies, shedding on the world a sullen
preternatural hue."

Noah sighed, but made no reply; and then,
bidding farewell to Mahujael, conducted his
thoughtful family towards the Ark.

As they drew near to where it stood, vast and gloomy in the twilight of the woods, like some dark cathedral, lone, and remote from the thoroughfares of busy mortal men, they heard the murmur of numerous breathed sounds within : in silence they entered the asylum of salvation.

In the meantime Akah was sitting with her maidens in her father's dwelling ; jewels and gorgeous raiment lay spread before her, with which she was decorating herself to accompany her lover. Gay were her thoughts, as she beheld the crescent of the new moon glowing in the western horizon, and with songs and cymbals she sung the accustomed hymn of welcome.

Yet, in the midst of her gladness, streaks of dread floated athwart her fancy ; and when she beheld the lurid omens kindling as the night darkened, her thoughts often chilled her with fear. Still, ever and anon bright images of banquettings returned, and the fond flatteries of many lovers were remembered with feminine

pride; but at the casement which she had opened to admit the sounds of minstrelsy ringing without, a shrill loud laugh was heard blaspheming the apocalypse.

In the midst of the fluctuating feelings, which, like the lights and shadows that gleam and fleet on the breezy summer-fields, saddened and brightened in her bosom, Mahujael passed, on his return from Noah; and seeing her at the open window adorning for the feast, went towards it and spoke to her.

He was an old and grave man, addicted to mystic studies and sorceries, forbidden when the children of men revered the traditions of Adam. His hair and beard, white and fleecy, flowed affluently on his breast and shoulders, as the mountain torrents make the dark rocks hoary; but his eyes were vivid with the lustre of youth; and though time had laden him with many years, he walked with the undecayed vigour of a young man.

In the current of his life he was pure and

unblamed by his neighbours, but a vague faith in some undivulged energy of Fate awed his mind, instead of the fear of the living God. The uninterpreted skies, however, troubled him ; he felt at times as if they announced a purpose which had from the beginning of the world been foreseen ; and though he had ceased to do homage to the Almighty, his spirit could not reconcile the awful auguries of the firmament with his conceptions of a blind and purposeless destiny.

Akah, when she saw him, knowing that he had been with her father, smilingly asked if the old man had yet discovered the uses of his fantastical building,

Mahujael replied with more severity than she had ever before noticed, and told her what the patriarch had related concerning the fowls of the air and the beasts of the field, which had come that day, by a strange instinct driven, taking refuge within the womb and hollow of the Ark ; adding, that this prodigy on earth

was no less perplexing than the tremendous aspects of the sky, and that his spirit was oppressed with an apprehension of a revelation to which he could give no name.

Though Akah had derided his prophetic fears, her beauty was overspread with a pale cast of thought, as she related to him how the wise and learned of the town were gone to consult the aged Methuselah, concerning the tokens that were nightly burning, more and more, in the ominous sky.

"The sage, and those who attend the oracles," said she, "can give them no answer, and the undivulged spirits of the caverns have become dumb; all things threaten change,—but what is there to fear? The orbs of destiny that so arrange themselves among the stars, cannot harm the steadfast earth; and yon fiery comet, whose unconsumed tresses have of late assumed a watery hue, frowns but to the fearful."

While they were thus speaking, a long reverberating wail of woe arose without, as if

many persons had sustained a sudden misfortune. They stopped to listen, but it had passed away, and only the tuneful minstrelsy was heard.

“Thou art an undismayed maiden,” replied Mahujael, “to see such sights, and have no dread withal ; but what does Omred say ? thou saidst he is gone to hear Methuselah expound these mysteries.”

“Like all other men,” said Akah, “Omred is sometimes touched with panic and alarm ; but long-predicting science assures him that these phenomena, which others deem so portentous in their courses, are but as the constellations of the seasons ; something, he says, unknown before, will doubtless answer here below to these new wonders above ; but that Nature, by her secret laws, will interpose to prevent disaster, as, after Winter shakes the leaves from the forest, the budding Spring returns, and hangs her garlands on the bough. He awaits the issue of the pregnant time, and though he doubts, yet dreads not.”

“So are my thoughts,” said Mahujael; we see but incomprehensible Nature in a new form, in which there is nothing to make us afraid: some say these fiery omens betoken conflagrations; but by the dank cold feeling in the air, mankind are warned to expect devastating waters and insatiable floods. Till fiery disks and flaming meteors, the organs of combustion, shower rains and dews, I have no dread of them.”

While they were thus conversing together, Omred returned; his face was pale, and his eyes full of wonder; amazement was in all his features: he was sad and solemn. At first, he only looked at Akah glittering for the dance, and sat down without speaking.

Surprised at the consternation which held him so entranced, Akah gazed at him, and her countenance gradually became serious. Mahujael saw him with no less emotion; and, coming round to the portal, entered unbidden, also smitten with awe.

“What hast thou to tell?”

Akah at last said, “in thy face are the prognostics of troubled thought; and thy silence infects me with more alarm than could attend their utterance.”

But Omred made no answer.

“Has Methuselah read the omens?” said Mahujael.

“He cannot fathom what they portend,” replied Omred.

“Thy appearance,” said Mahujael, after a pause, “tells, without words, that they are signs of danger.”

“Yes,” replied Omred, “dangers to the earth. In all the long passage of thine ancestor’s lengthened life, Akah, he never saw such threatenings. The stars of fate are nearing; what may ensue from their conjunction, experience cannot expound. Yon lowering miracles, and his mystic tale, are rendered the more terrible by fearful legends of a pre-adamite world, when the moon was parcel and incorporate with

the earth, then the habitation of the mastodon, and those huge creatures whose enormous bones are found amidst the ruins of an elder sphere. Appalling imagination ! as if our spacious and sublunar globe were but the fragment of a greater world. The tradition derived a strange authority from his appearance ; for he seemed as old as if he had lived from the beginning, and in strength as strong as if he would endure to the end. While he was yet speaking, as if the end had come, he looked around with compassion, and in the same moment expired."

Akah clasped her hands together in silence.

Mahujael remained in a wrapt posture, with his eyes steadfastly fixed on the ground ; but Omred continued as if he had not observed their emotion.

" We stood on the cliff above the valley ; the sun had just set, and all the vernal earth around was goodly and glorious ; music swelled from afar on the ear, like mingled fragrances to the smell, and below a crowd of bridal

dancers had spread their pavilions, untired in their revels ; but in the midst of this serenity and pleasure, here and there on the peaks and summits of the neighbouring rocks clusters of aged men stood perplexed, speaking gravely to one another, and pointing, with outstretched hands, to phantasms in the air, where clouds, adversely careering, betokened unbridled tempests. In the same moment wild shrieks of lamentation were heard, and a voice crying, ‘ All the righteous are dead.’”

It was this long loud cry of woe which had daunted Akah and Mahujael.

When Omred had concluded, Akah seemed about to utter a pensive reply ; but the influence of the menacing planets was felt with a shudder that pervaded the whole earth ; and towers, tottering to their foundations, were hurled in ruins to the ground.

“ It is an earthquake !” cried Mahujael, wildly.

Scarcely had the words escaped his parched

lips, when a second convulsion, more terrible, was felt, accompanied with under-ground thunders, cries of terror, and the noise of hurrying feet.

Mahujael and Omred listened aghast !

Akah, unmindful of her festal garb, fled to the portal ; for the roof groaned, the walls trembled, and the floor quaked.

Omred and Mahujael followed. The terrified people without rushed to and fro, as lofty structures were rent, and pinnacles fell shattered from on high ; sculptured palaces and proud unfinished domes, trophied arches and colonades of triumph, were overthrown.

In every bosom the ties of kindred, and friendship, and love, expired ; consternation took possession of the heart ; mankind became as strangers to one another ; the loved and the loving were scattered as the dry dust of the furnace ; fugitives trampled on the dead, and the bellowing of animals in agony arose over the cries of perishing men ; the guilty, and

those who seemed the goldly, were buried by the irresponsible earthquake in their sin together : some thought the dry land foundering in fragments. Amidst the waters confusion raged.

After seven days the crashing of the turbulence abated, for no fabric then stood that could be shaken down ; and edificial cities were reduced into shapeless stones,—still seen by the offspring of Noah.

When the hour came at which the morning was wont to dawn, a ghastly glare was effused abroad, as if death were mingled with light ; the raven and the vulture cowered together on the untasted corpse ; frenzy had the effect of confidence on the wild and tame ; the lion and the lamb ran together ; and heavenly instincts were no more ; even the swans flew fluttering from the lakes.

The obdurate remembered Jehovah ; but the sentence of the world was gone forth,—the hour of repentance was past,—and the warnings in the firmament became obscure.

New tremours again shook the earth ; whirlwinds gathered the clouds and the blackness together ; the frantic lightnings flashed ; peals of terror rolled ; hail was showered as seed from the hand of the sower ; hurricanes, let loose, flapped their tempestuous wings ; the mountains, reeling in the orgies of the storm, announced the avatars of vengeance and the avalanches of ruin : the heavy wheels of the Almighty were heard driving in the gloom.

Horsemen came thundering from the valleys, crying,

“ The lakes are bursting their banks,—the rivers flow backward,—and the ocean-tides still continue to rise !”

The eyes of the multitude glared toward the distant shore ; and afar on the sea like stupendous misty islands, the fountains of the great deep were vomiting their volcanoes of water mingled with fire.

“ The Ark ! the Ark !” shouted every voice ; and the despairing ran towards it, where high

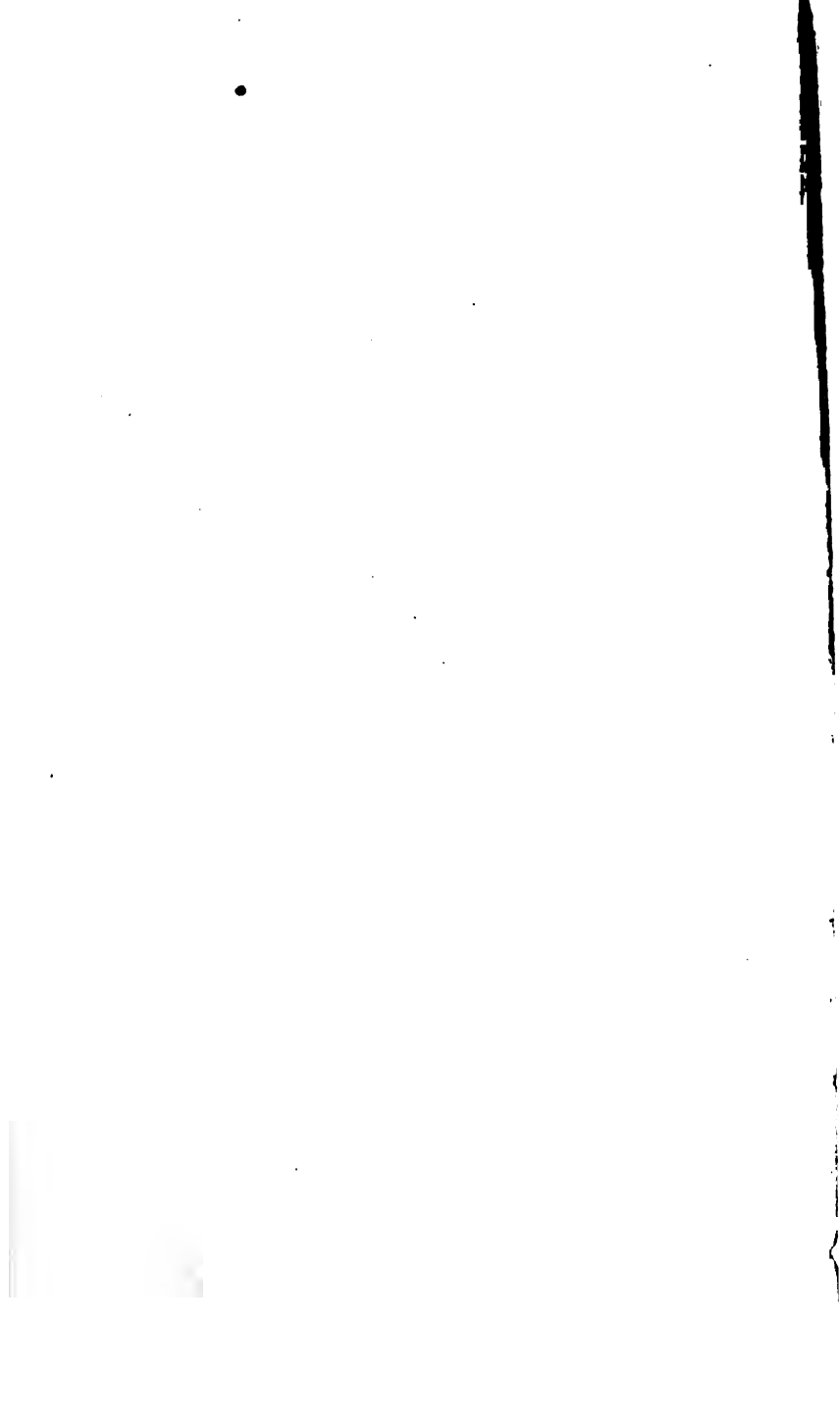
and calm it stood, solemn on the headland. But the intervening plain suddenly opening, the yawning abyss interdicted their approach, and the ocean rushed into the chasm.

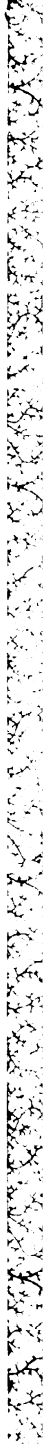
The doomed inhabitants of the earth ran crying to the hills. Mothers cast their children to the pursuing waves. Akah was there, and reached the pinnacle of a rock—a mountain-peak. The Ark, like a phantom, horsed on the billows of a shoreless sea, passes slowly by; she cries—in vain; the ravenous waters tear her from the refuge—she shrieks. It was the last voice of the world!

Forty days and forty nights the rain fell as a curtain,—the hills were drowned,—the windows of Heaven were opened,—and the angels contemplated the retiring Austerity of the Lord. All around was the loneliness of death, and as the rimless vast of the premundane.

THE END.

BAYLIS AND LEIGHTON,
JOHNSON'S-COURT, FLEET-STREET.





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